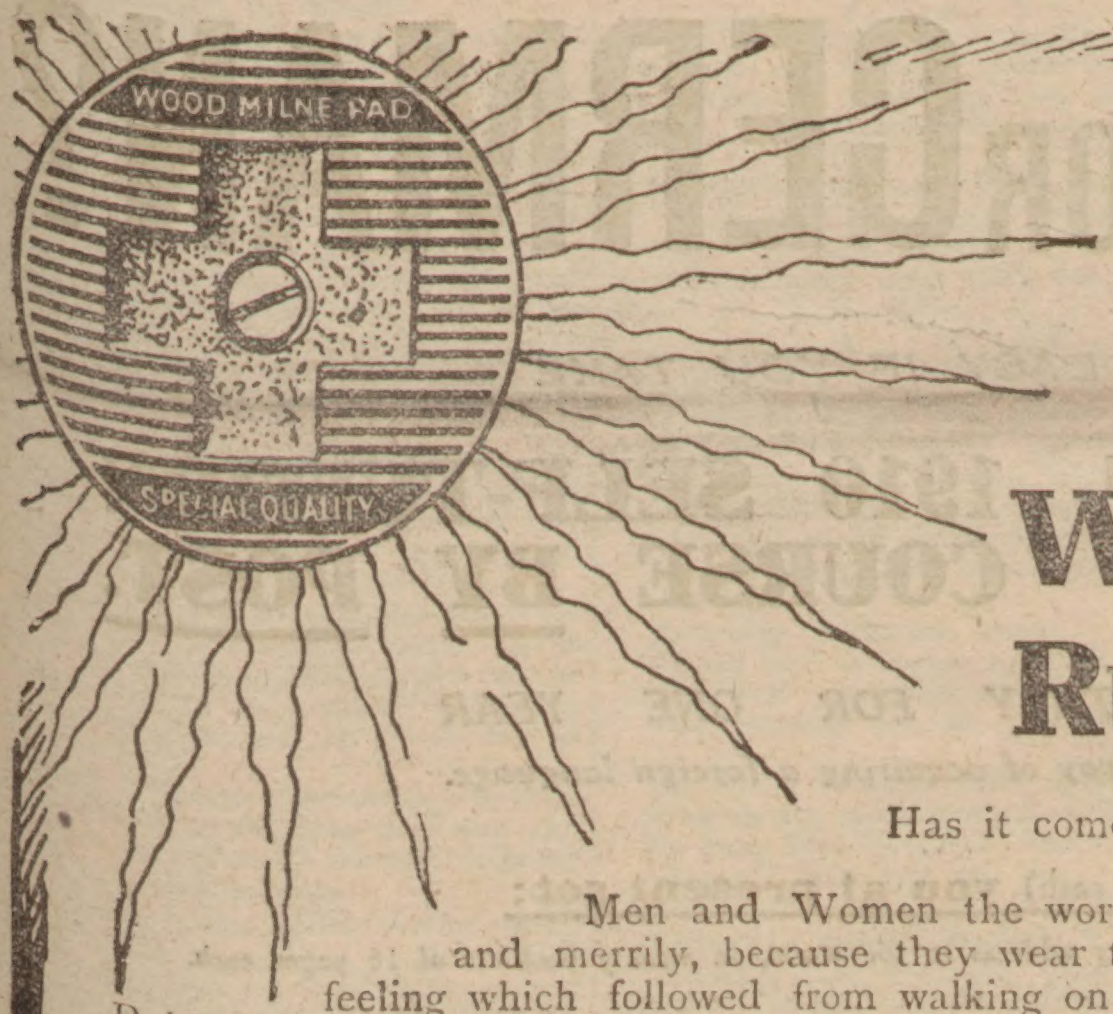
OUR BEST NUMBER

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 77. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING APRIL 23RD, 1910. ONE PENNY.



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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

77. WEEK ENDING APRIL 23RD, 1910. ONE PENNY.

GOLFER'S "GREEK."

POINTS FOR THE GOLFING NOVICE.

s of golf matches are full of terms which sadly puzzling to the layman.
already been explained in these columns stymie" is, so I need not bother about t no doubt the expression "dormy" will to many readers. We read that "Taylor hole and thus became 'dormy three.'" es this mean?
ual number of holes for a golf match is yer counts one for each hole he wins, one for each hole he loses, and one or yer is always so many holes "up" on his except when they are equal.
f A wins the first hole he becomes "one his opponent, if he wins the next he is

ever, he loses the second hole, the players square," while if B wins the third hole he "one up" on A. If they both do a hole ne number of strokes, it is "halved," and remains unaltered.
uppose A wins the first nine holes off the clear that he cannot be beaten. Even all the remaining holes he can only be A, and at the finish neither will be any on the other, and the match will be

ample, if B halves the tenth hole he loses h, because A will then be "nine up," eight holes to play. Whatever happens win by at least one hole.
a player is in this position that he cannot igh he may be equalled, he is said to be "Taylor became 'dormy three'" means Open Golf Champion was three up on his when there were only three holes more ed.
s "Colonel Bogey"? He is a mythical o never makes a mistake, and does every e standard number of shots, the standard score being fixed by the club committee. y" competitions are popular and are ther by strokes or holes.
ample, the "Colonel" always goes round s in 75 strokes. The competitors set es to beat this score, and the one who olonel Bogey" by most strokes, or comes beating him, wins the medal or cup.
the match against "Bogey" is by holes, r is given a card on which the Colonel's each hole is recorded. If he does a ewer strokes than the "Colonel" he wins more he loses it, and at the end of the will be so many "up on Bogey," or will be so many "up on" him—the more usually the case. "Colonel Bogey" s said about him enough to burn his ears he is generally depicted with a tail and a oof.

T. CRAWFORD.

CHEEK.

A well-known amateur golfer is Mr. Douglas Currie. His many vanquished opponents declare that he is very hot.

* * *

The "New York American" prophesies that aeroplanes will be found useful for duck-hunting purposes. They may also be of service, perhaps, for "shooting the moon."

* * *

Two well-known music-hall performers speak of themselves as "A Vaudeville Quick Lunch." A nasty, unappreciative playgoer of our acquaintance calls them the "Dyspepsia Duo."

* * *

OUR WELL-MANNERED MONARCH.

[Mr. Arnold White, in a recent article, commented on King Edward's "good manners."]

The words of Mr. Arnold White
Fill British hearts with proud delight.
They tell us all—from peer to paviour—
How well our King knows good behaviour.

Partaking, in the eve serene,
Of tea and crumpets with the Queen,
He's well aware that nothing's coarser
Than pouring tea into a saucer.

He differs *so* from foreign Kings,
Who do the most unheard-of things.
To copy him should be the joy
Of every little girl and boy.

* * *

Under the musical heading, "Bass Notes," a brewer's advertisement asks "What is 'Bass'?" It is quite good—if it isn't "flat."

* * *

The "Daily Mail's" special correspondent in attendance on Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is Mr. Fyfe. He has been very busy of late, blowing the ex-President's trumpet.

* * *

A learned writer in "London Opinion" says that "the relation between religious emotion and sex is intimate." Hark! Does not a faint "Hear! Hear!" sound from the Spaxton Agapemone?

* * *

A writer in a contemporary tells us that "a stage-manager has always more girls eager to be 'put on' than he knows what to do with." Eager to be "put on"—yes; but to be "put upon"—no!

* * *

In the course of tender recollections of his "old schoolmaster," Mr. Ian Campbell says, in the "Star," that he "could hear his sweet, patient voice—'*Omnia Gallia divisat est*. . . .'" Let us hope, if only for the sake of the school's reputation, that Mr. Campbell's memory is playing him a trick.

J. S. COX.

SPORT ON A LITTLE RIVER.

A BIT OF UNCONVENTIONAL COUNTRY LIFE.

It takes such an erratic course among uninhabited fields and beneath overhanging wooded hills, that no great sportsmen, as the world counts greatness, has ever been seen within miles of it.

As for the shooting of the ducks and other fowl that haunt its wooded sides, no man seems to have thought it worth his while to walk this way. Only on rare occasions do the hounds sweep across the silent fields. For all of which neglect we are duly thankful.

On the four or five miles of river which extend above and below the little village where we have our "country-house," we enjoy such an infinite variety of sport as would satisfy the most versatile and hungry sportsman.

Thus we fish through many a summer Saturday and Sunday, seeing never another human being. Trout there are to give us sharp work, and lazy roach that need tempting with every bait, from soaked crusts to wasp grubs.

Along the banks innumerable rabbits have for untold years had their habitation, and such is the wildness of the place that they are as hard to stalk as any Highland stag.

There is not a species of water-fowl to be had within our "estate" as we call it, that has not figured on the table. Moorhen, plovers, coot, dabchick, and, of course, duck are all eaten. Only the great flapping heron we have spared, for there is only a few hereabouts, and they are splendid additions to the wild nature of the lovely fields.

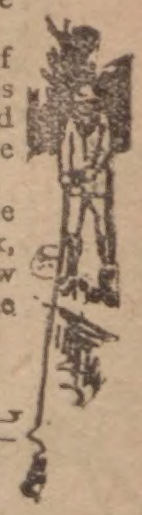
The river is the scene of most of our activities. Though the woods are open and deserted, yet we find more life down by the water.

One of our chief sources of amusement is the navigation of a raft which we have constructed for use in our ratting expeditions. From the bank it is only possible to work one side of the stream at a time, but from the middle both sides can be worked. The raft, in charge of one of us and having the terrier on board, is propelled by a pole, while one man takes each bank.

At critical moments the raft has a habit of refusing to bear the weight. One end is gently submerged while the other tips up, and the unlucky captain gets a ducking while the terrier swims ashore.

For a wager one of us sailed down the stream when in flood, in a cube sugar box, strengthened and made seaworthy with a few extra nails and a board or two over the widest cracks. The other two paid up.

R. DOWNES.



THE JOCKEY'S LIFE

TWO SIDES OF THE PICTURE.

The successful jockey is a much-envied, and, often to his own undoing, a much-courted and much-flattered person.

The public sees him gay and splendid in the saddle, getting the winner home by a well-timed "electric" rush, hears of the heavy retainers and handsome presents he receives, and not unnaturally concludes that the successful jockey has an uncommonly good time of it.

But there is another side to this comfortable picture, and success as a jockey is only won and kept by hard work, constant mortification of the flesh, and constant pulling against the collar.

SEVERE TRAINING.

To begin with, the jockey serves a long and severe apprenticeship. Much is heard nowadays of boys being too tenderly treated, but it may safely be said that the embryo jockey is in no way molly-coddled.

A lad must be of tough fibre to survive the rigorous discipline of a racing stable. His work is hard, even dangerous; he has to turn out to exercise in all sorts of weather, and he is taught his business by extremely rough-and-ready methods.

And this trying apprenticeship may be wasted, through no fault of his own. He may suddenly begin to put on weight, and his racing career is over before it was ever begun.

We shall suppose, however, that our jockey has come creditably through his apprenticeship, has made his mark, and is now established as a first-class man. What is his life?

ENDLESS JOURNEYS.

There is the one side which shows him flattered and fêted, earning a princely reward for a few minutes' riding, the happy possessor of motor-cars and other luxuries, and there is the other side which shows him more truly as a very hard-worked and hard-working man, who can scarcely call his soul his own.

Take, first, the discomforts, great and small of his life. The incessant railway travelling he has to undertake is by itself a heavy and wearing strain.

He may have to go from Doncaster to Warwick, from Warwick to Ayr, from Ayr to Windsor all within a week.

There is the pretty picture that shows the jockey after a successful afternoon enjoying a good dinner at a first-class hotel; but often the jockey leaves the course only to get into a railway carriage

Then, of course, there are the trials of "wasting." After a hard day's riding the jockey feels that he could eat an ox, and he is allowed a ginger wafer.

Having many friends, he is expected to be hospitable, and he has to sit and munch his dry toast and sip his mineral water while his pals do themselves well on salmon, roast lamb, and old Burgundy.

It is more trying still when he has not only to abstain from the "flesh-pots of Egypt," but has to get off weight by means of powerful drugs, and unutterably boring "sweating" walks and exercises.

EVER-PRESENT RISKS.

The jockey would not mind these trials so much, perhaps, if he could be certain of achieving the end desired. But he can't be. Nature resents these tricks with her, and often pays the jockey back by converting a thin sandwich into three or four pounds of solid and disaster-bringing weight.

Or again, he may overdo his training and find himself a physical, perhaps like poor Fred Archer, a mental wreck on the eve of an important race.

There are, too, the discomforts of actual riding. It is no joke to have to turn out three or four times in an afternoon when there is an east wind that cuts to the bone, or when the rain is coming down in buckets. He can change, it is true, when he gets wet, but, soaked through and through in the first race, he never gets really warm and dry again during the afternoon.

Then there is, of course, the ever-present danger of serious accident.

He may hug the rails a trifle too closely, or a rascally brother jockey may deliberately put him over them, and he is picked up dead or crippled for life. His horse may slip; he may be badly kicked at the gate, or he may be blinded by a flying pebble or lump of mud.

BLAMED FOR EVERYTHING.

The steeplechase jockey's risks are obviously great, but even the flat-race jockey takes his life in his hands every time he goes to the post.

Above all, the jockey is a frequent target for slander and unmerited blame.

The disappointed punter accuses him of not trying when he loses, and the vague accusation grows and grows, and is mighty hard to overtake. He has a run of ill-luck; or, perhaps, makes a genuine mistake or two, but no allowances are made, and presently he finds himself looked upon with suspicion by stewards, owners, trainers, and public.

If he win "cleverly," he is condemned for cutting things so fine; while if he win easily he is abused for exposing his mount's capabilities. He tries to cut through on the rails, is shut in, and is cursed for not having gone round; while if he goes round on the outside he is blamed for not having tried to get through on the inside.

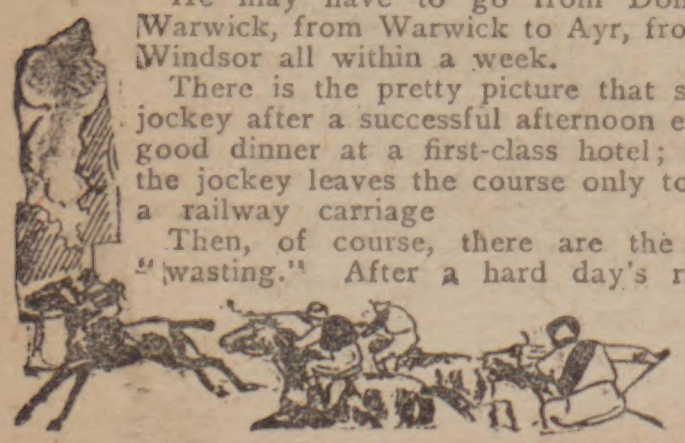
TEMPTATIONS BESET HIM.

He is often tempted to stoop to fraud or base practices, and he is frequently made a scapegoat for the sins of others.

There is always the haunting fear of putting on weight, while the jockey's popularity is more than evanescent.

Certainly there is a brighter side to the jockey's life. There are the thrills and exultations of success, there are the substantial pecuniary rewards; and, as most jockeys sincerely love their work, the trials and discomforts inseparable from it do not, perhaps, loom so large in their eyes as they do in those of the outsider. But, on the whole, the successful jockey earns every farthing of the money he makes.

G. Newman.



FINDING YOUR PROPER PLACE.

THE CHARM OF THE "JACK-OF-ALL TRADES."

It comes as a surprise to learn one day that the man who occupies the next office to yourself and who appears to be doing a steady and growing business, as, say, an architect or a lawyer, was once upon a time a sailor or a farmer or a shop-keeper.

Such men are by no means rare in all walks of life. They have been many things in their brief time, and at thirty or even less may have shown themselves capable and even brilliant at half a dozen different kinds of work.

Most of us are too apt to think that because a man is engaged in one sort of business at the moment we happen to come across him, he must necessarily have been engaged in exactly the same way ever since he could call himself a man. The truth is rather the other way, and men are much more liable to change their views, their work, and the entire outlook of things in general than is supposed.

Most of us know cases of the kind, so that after all they cannot be very rare. One of my best friends is a man engaged at a fixed salary in the office of a quiet, prosaic, and humane organisation, who has been a hundred and one different "things," and enjoyed them all.

He has worked in a cattle-boat, not for fun, but for a living, and because his feelings suggested that sort of life. He has been a sort of professional bruiser, not for fun again, but for a living.

He has simply had a desire to be the "captain of his soul," and has not hesitated to take up new work when he felt that Nature demanded a change. He dared the risks of giving up one living to make another. He changed, and would not on any account have continued in work that gave him no further interest.

And why should not a man change? It is supposed to be a terrible thing for a man to change his political views, but can it be argued either of politics or of any other branch of activity that a man is bound to grow up with his childhood's clothes still sewn on to him and trying to strangle him?

A man may experiment with work all his life and never find that which is likely to claim his devotion for more than a few years. And yet he may be a man in every respect able and competent.

Such men as dare to "swop horses in mid-stream" take grave risks, but they are by no means "Jacks of all trades and masters of none." Often they are very decidedly the masters, and their changing circumstances are the outcome of a mind and a body that is above all impatient of cramping restraints.

They find an infinite number of opportunities for sport, with life itself as the field, and they are fortunate in having the temperaments that regard obstacles as extra inducements to leave what has for them become a beaten track.

One of the most extraordinary examples of this type of man I ever knew worked at my side for nearly ten years before I knew that he had been anything but a draper.

He was a quiet fellow, always ready for sport, but never a man to talk about himself. But once he was moved to tell a story—a true one as it turned out, and about himself, though this was accidental to the incident—and it gave me the key to a life of the most fascinating and exciting adventure on the wild and warlike North-West Frontier of India and elsewhere.

After that glimpse I dragged—literally dragged—from that man many a stirring yarn from the depths of his modesty. He was one of the men whose outlook changed. He enjoyed being a draper for the time, just as much as he enjoyed risking his life in rocky Indian passes among fearless and bloodthirsty Afghan warriors, and just as much as, I am sure, he is now enjoying his life somewhere in the Far North as one of the crew of a whaler.

R. W. Martin.

MPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE MADNESS OF Mr BANKS

By F. B. DANIEL.

Prosing (of Prosing's, nowned emporium) struck ell on his desk with a ce born of irritation.
small boy answered the summons.
end Mr. Banks here!"
essir."
e small boy disappeared. Promptitude elerity were a feature of Prosing's.
a few moments Mr. Banks entered the He was a pallid young man in a y blue suit. He came in with a kind of us eagerness. Yesterday had seen the ter- ion of the firm's financial year. In ac- nce with custom, applications for increase lary were made then, by formal letter. Banks had applied. He expected this iew to be the result.
Ir. Banks."
essir."
chief was frowning at a paper on his ng-pad.
ou're top of the discrepancies list again."
m I, sir?" Mr. Banks's heart fell.
t's really too bad of you, Banks." Mr. ng, when he was annoyed, showed it manner of pained kindness. He was -faced and stout, partially bald, with a e chin, a sandy moustache, and bulging

m sorry, sir."
ook here."
Banks approached the desk to the chief's and followed the indication of a fat

he accountant-overseer's report," ob- Mr. Prosing in parenthetic explana- list of discrepancies—sales ledgers H Mr. Banks, top with seventeen. There re; see for yourself."
Banks bent lower with melancholy in-

ou know, Mr. Banks," continued the sitting back, "I didn't invent the post ountant-overseer for amusement. I tell went to a deal of trouble over the I thought if I appointed a man to the number of mistakes each book- made in the year, you'd all be extra l. The idea was to *check* mistakes, discover them."
essir; I know that, sir."
ou were the worst offender last balance. 't like it, Banks; I don't, and that's a

dropping of the Mister, if anything, uated Mr. Prosing's pain.
essir; I'm sorry. But—but—*somebody* e top, mustn't they, sir?"
as an unfortunate choice of conciliatory Mr. Prosing's voice became as un- nt as his permanently unpleasant eyes. hat somebody needn't be *you*, Mr. ," he said.
o, sir; of course not, sir," agreed Mr. hastily; "only, it's—it's hard not to a slip sometimes, when you've got as as you can do."
verworked, eh?" said Mr. Prosing, rather eningly.
o, sir; I didn't mean that, sir. But it's lly a rush all day long, and——"
re you complaining, Mr. Banks?" interruption was acidly polite. Mr. met the stare of the bulging eyes and ed his glance to the informing paper.
o, sir," he said, in an undertone.
thought not." Mr. Prosing became ly again. "Well, you must try and do for the future. We mustn't think our most careless man, must we? That's

sat up to his desk by way of dismissal. Banks hesitated. Uppermost in his ts was the question as to the extent this aint would affect his "rise." He tried

to think of a way of deferentially broaching the subject, but couldn't decide how to begin. Nevertheless, the strength of his desire subordinated his natural qualms.

"Excuse me, sir," he opened nervously; "I hope this—this won't make any difference to—to my chance of promotion, sir. I—I am rather anxious to get a rise this year, sir."

Mr. Prosing looked up. He was plainly filled with gentle reproach.

"Now, Banks, you really can't expect *that*, can you?"

"I was hoping you would, sir," added Mr. Banks, earnestly. "You see, I'm getting twenty-eight shillings now, and I thought if you made it thirty I might"—the confession cost him a great effort—"get married, sir."

Mr. Prosing was once more occupied with the accountant-overseer's report, frowning at it thoughtfully.

"It's quite impossible," he said, absent-mindedly.

A trace of stubbornness appeared on Mr. Banks's pallid face.

"It means rather a lot to me, sir. She says we can't possibly manage under thirty shillings—and she's waited four years already—and it's hardly fair to keep her waiting much longer."

He paused, tongue-tied. Mr. Prosing was engrossed in calculations, his lips moving as he muttered figures to himself.

"I can't help thinking," added Mr. Banks, almost with pride, "that it's plucky of her to be willing to chance it even on thirty shillings. She could do better if she liked. I've often told her that."

"Ask Mr. Jenkins to step this way," said Mr. Prosing.

"Can't you see your way to do it, sir?" Mr. Banks had not moved to obey. He was breathing quickly. "I always do my best for the firm, and I've been here ever since I was a boy. It means a good deal to me, sir. She says she can't keep on waiting and waiting, and if it means another year I feel I ought to set her free. And then——"

He did not finish the sentence. In his limited vocabulary there were no words to express what that event would mean to him. And abruptly he became sullen at having allowed so much of his feelings to escape him.

"Mr. Banks," observed Mr. Prosing, acidly polite, "your private affairs don't concern me at all."

"Well, they do me," said Mr. Banks, under his breath.

"What was that?" The other glanced up sharply.

"I said they do me," answered Mr. Banks, with heightened voice.

His daring made his pulses leap; but once started on a career of defiance he proceeded recklessly.

"I've got my feelings as well as you. I want to be happy the same as everybody else. It's easy enough for you to sit here and give orders, and say what shall be and what sha'n't be; but do you ever think what your decisions mean? Do you ever think that your clerks and your shop assistants and everybody else you employ are human beings like yourself? Does it ever strike you that they might have a soul, that they're not automatons animated only for your benefit, that they might want to be allowed to *live* sometimes, as well as work everlastingly?"

Mr. Prosing stared at him, evidently too astonished to speak.

"Eleven hours a day I put in here," continued Mr. Banks passionately. "Up at half-past seven, here at nine, never away much before eight at night, and then fit for nothing except to go home and go to bed. That's my life. That's the life of thousands. Oh yes, I know we get a half-day on Saturdays, but you take pretty good care not to pay us till after two o'clock, so as we sha'n't run away too soon!

"And look at the sort of work we have to do! Take my work! Have you ever thought what it's like to have to copy, copy, copy figures into books all day long? Never anything different! I've got nearly four hundred entries to make every day. Always the same old thing, the date, the amount, the turning over of the pages. . . . Why, of those four ledgers I see to, I know nearly half the folios by heart! And yet I don't have to use more than a tenth of my brains to be able to remember. All the rest goes to seed. Sheer, slogging monotony kills it. That's something you can't forget when you are a clerk. . . .

"And every week there's sixty hours of it in exchange for twenty-eight shillings—barely enough to keep body and soul together! And then, because you've made seventeen mistakes out of four hundred entries a day for a whole year, you've got to give up all your hopes of a bit of outside happiness! Two shillings a week! Fancy the price of all a man holds dear coming down to that! I laugh sometimes—until I remember that I am a clerk. Then I know that all my freedom, my pride, my independence, has got to be *sold* just that I may continue to *exist*. And they say the days of slavery are over!"

He had given Mr. Prosing no chance to interrupt. Indeed, that gentleman did not even attempt to do so. He simply watched, fascinated.

"Oh, I know what to expect for going on like this," added Mr. Banks, now almost hysterical. "You'll sack me. You can do it easy enough. You've only got to touch that bell and have me shown off the premises. Go on, then! Sack me! I don't care! If she chucks me for not getting on there can't be anything worse. And then I may as well chuck up everything too."

He ceased with a sob.

To hide the tears with which he felt his eyes to be smarting he turned away.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" ejaculated Mr. Prosing after a pause.

He was not angry. His emotions were not so definite as that. He was mainly conscious of a sense of incomprehensibility. He had never heard talking quite like this before. He was, in a word, jiggered.

"To hear you," he said, "anybody'd think I ought to be locked up."

Mr. Banks was silent. His strength of bitterness was spent.

"Come now," continued Mr. Prosing, "you wouldn't go as far as that, surely?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Banks, hanging his head.

"That's right," said Mr. Prosing, relieved. "You've been listening to folks, Socialists or something, that's what you've been doing. You be careful. They won't do you any good.

"There's many," he continued magnanimously, "as'd take you at your word and pack you off; but I won't do that. I can see you're a bit above yourself, so to speak. And I'll tell you this—as you've been free in giving me your opinions—if I took notice of all the private wants of the people I employ, I should have my hands full, and very likely I shouldn't be long before I wasn't employing anybody at all. I should go smash, see?"

"Meaning, sir," said Mr. Banks, with a final throe of intelligence, "that we're not supposed to have homes, or sweethearts, or wives, when we're only clerks."

"That's it," said Mr. Prosing, gratified.

"I see, sir."

"What made you do it, Banks," asked Mr. Prosing, with a return to pained reproach.

"I don't know, sir. I think I must have been a bit mad, sir."

"Well, we'll pass it over this time. And perhaps," added Mr. Prosing in an impulse of generosity, "perhaps we may be able to make it thirty shillings *next* year."

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Banks, subduedly.

THE SPORTING REPORTER.

To the average man who, during the lagging hours of the business day, spends his time in pleasant anticipation of the sport he will enjoy in the following week-end, it would be hard to believe that there could exist a man who would gladly welcome a respite from sport.

It is, in truth, scarcely credible, but that such men are to be found is a certain fact. These men are the regular sporting reporters on the big newspapers.

A sporting reporter must combine an almost encyclopædic knowledge of all manner of sports and games, with all the other requirements of the professional journalist. In the morning, perhaps, he will interview two pugilists who are about to fight, on their respective ideas as to the result of the contest. A race meeting or a golfing match may claim his attention in the afternoon, and in the evening he will be busy with paper and pencil, feverishly dashing off, and handing to messengers, sheet by sheet, a rousing account of the boxing.

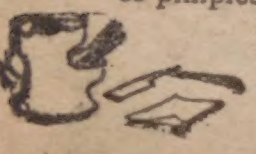
Can you wonder that when at last he gets home, thoroughly tired out, he finds himself sighing for a short respite from the insistent call of the World of Sport?

A SHAVING TIP.

Among the many mildly pleasurable moments that fall to the lot of the average man during the course of his daily round, there should, presumably, be counted the moment when, at the end of a shave, the barber squirts a cooling and aromatic spray of bay-rum over his face.

But apropos of this subject, it may not be out of place here to sound a note of warning which will apply to a good many men at this time of the year. It is one of the well-known drawbacks of the otherwise welcome season of spring, which is now with us, that it is apt to present the face of many delicate-skinned men with a temporary crop of pimples.

These, if left alone, pass off very quickly; but few men are aware of a very common habit which to a great extent aggravates this unpleasant springtide ailment. This is the habit of putting powder on the face after shaving. No doubt it makes the skin feel soft and dry; but it clogs up the pores of a delicate skin; and retards the efforts of nature to free the face of any blotches or pimples which may temporarily disfigure it.



ATHLETIC OUTFITTING AT HOME

SOME USEFUL SPORTING APPLIANCES WHICH ARE EASY AND CHEAP TO MAKE.

Though men are not, as a general rule, addicted to gazing into shop windows, after the fashion of the gentler sex, there is, nevertheless, one kind of shop which always causes men to linger outside it, gazing into the windows for varying spaces of time, according to the extent of their sporting tastes or the amount of leisure that is at their disposal.

This shop is the athletic outfitter's.

The attraction of such a shop to the man of sporting tastes is incalculable; for, no matter what the game of his choice may be, it is sure to be represented by some beautifully-fashioned implement in the window.

The eye of the cricketer brightens as he sees a bat, white and beautiful, with a grain that might have been laid out with a ruler. How he would like to wield it, he thinks, in next Saturday's match against the Strollers! He couldn't help making a record score. But then he looks at the price, and passes on. Twenty-five shillings is more than he can afford.

This is a drawback common to many sports.

The appliances or implements requisite for their enjoyment are beyond the reach of many men's purses; and the following hints, by one who personally never could afford expensive "props," may be of use to men whose means will not admit of their going to athletic salesmen for their sporting outfits.

A HOME-MADE DEVELOPER.

For instance, many a man is without a "developer," for the simple reason that he cannot afford one; but here is an easy way of making such an apparatus at home for a trifling cost.

Procure two small pulleys, such as are used in the domestic world for the indoor clothes-lines. Fix them into the wall of your room at a height of about five feet from the ground, and about four inches apart.

Take two pieces of stout cord, about five feet or a little more in length; and to one end of each attach some sort of handle. Pieces of firewood smoothed with a knife will do. Pass the other ends of the cords through the pulleys, and then attach a strong hook to each.

The next step is to get some tradesmen's weights of varying degrees of heaviness, and two of each. You will find the price to work out at about three-halfpence per pound; but by selecting a good dealer in old iron you may procure them cheaper. Then, if you wish to exercise, for instance, with a two-pound weight hang one such weight on each hook, and set to work.

A SHADOW-FIGHTING OUTFIT.

Keen devotees of the noble art of self-defence will doubtless welcome the following cheap and useful appliance. Its purpose is to enable them to indulge in shadow-fighting, a branch of training little known outside the professional world.

Get a large pane of glass, as free from flaws as possible, about six feet long by three feet broad. It will only cost a shilling or two. Then procure from an oil-and-colourman a few pennyworths of the composition with which the backs of mirrors are painted; and paint the back of your glass with it. When the stuff is dry, you will have quite a serviceable mirror.

Fix this against your wall; and, treating your reflection as your adversary, indulge in a quick spar. A quarter of an hour or so spent in this way every day will benefit your quickness on your feet, and also your wind to a remarkable extent.

Men who go in for wrestling can easily provide themselves with a most useful apparatus; that is, if the ceiling of their room has beams strong enough to render it capable of supporting a man of heavy weight.

All they need is a large sack (such as are used by millers for flour) full of sand, a stout piece of rope, and a good screw staple. Fix the staple into the beam, and on it hang the sack, so that it just swings clear of the ground.

The benefits resulting to a wrestler's strength, skill, and quickness from the practice of wrestling with a sack full of sand, is too little appreciated by English followers of the sport; but the various "lions," "terrors," "butchers," and so forth, who come over periodically from the Continent, use it without exception in their training.

Every Berlin policeman, too, has to go through a course of "sack-wrestling" before he is considered efficient to guard the public.

FOR THE FENCING MAN.

Every fencer should have a "cardboard man," and this is the way to make and use one.

Get a piece of good thick cardboard, about five feet eight inches long by three feet wide. Cut it outline the figure of a man. Put in his hair, eyes, mouth, clothing, and so forth with water-colour paints, so as to make him a more interesting target, mark out the region of his heart, and then cut him out.

Hang him from the ceiling, and practise lunging at his heart. The quickness and "eye" necessary to strike the swaying object in the right place, will provide practice second only to fencing with a human being.

A SIMPLE JUMPING APPARATUS.

Here is an easy and cheap way of making a high jumping apparatus for your garden.

Procure two pieces of wood, about six feet long, two inches wide, and a quarter of an inch or a little more in thickness. Cut into each of these at equal distances a triangular notch, say one at five feet, another at five feet two inches, and so on up to about five feet ten inches. You will be good if you can go any higher.

Fix your pieces of wood in the ground, and place on them a cross-piece in the shape of a penny window-curtain-stick, about six and a half feet long, which is just over the distance which should separate your uprights from one another.

An important thing to remember is to cut the bottoms of the notches straight, so that in the event of a failure to clear the jump, the cross-bar will fall to the ground.

J. THAME.

STRAIGHT CANNONS.

Many a keen amateur billiard player's sole thought, outside business hours, is the improvement of his game and the increasing of his average break. Here is a tip for such men to remember when playing straight cannons—one, of course, which is not made off any cushion.

Always strike the object ball in such a way that the cue ball strikes the third ball *on the same side* on which it struck the object ball. For example, if the cue ball strikes the object ball on the right side, let it strike the third ball on the right side too.

Try to conjure up such a stroke in your mind's eye. The object ball will roll aside, the third ball will do the same, and the cue ball will pass and lie dead some little distance above them. In this way another straight cannon will be left "on."

The Loud Confessors

AN OPINION ON THE MATTER OF FAITH.

It is probably a fact that the majority of mature men to-day are infidels. It is an unquestionable fact that eras of prosperity produce a recrudescence of unbelief. The present time is an era of comparative prosperity.

When one recollects the difficulty of being devout in a state of luxury the reason is not far to seek. Nations, like individuals, seldom remember their God unless they need him.

Again, a period of intellectual activity, such as has been continuous since the latter half of the nineteenth century, assisted by the circulation of literature at prices which bring it within the reach of the masses, inevitably results in a prevalence of second-hand knowledge.

LITTLE LEARNING.

To-day the names and works of Darwin, Spencer, Haeckel, Nietschze, and so on, are as familiar in the cottage as in the castle. As a consequence one comes across practically at every street corner an expounder of some more or less satisfactory doctrine of theology.

Now it is not my intention to criticise that instinct to *know* which is a part of every man's nature, and which so often expresses itself in a rich potch of little-comprehended information. I merely wish to utter in a gentle and friendly manner a protest against the tendency of men to loud in their unfaith.

Let men doubt or disbelieve as much as they e, so long as they are sincere about it, but, for arity's sake, let them curb their pride in the cumstance.

What strikes the observer at any public place en over to public discussion—such a place is to found wherever men have formed themselves o a social community—is the noisy boastfulness the doubters.

ND CONCEIT.

Especially where religion is concerned, the tic brays out his opinions fortissimo, as though very fact of questioning the truth of such and ch a faith he had entered into a sphere of periority which entitled him to shout down se from whom he differed.

In a sentence, the infidel is overflowing with d conceit.

I call such men infidels as meaning those who believe, though you will generally find their m for themselves is Free-thinkers, and as other and more rapid description I have chosen call them Loud Confessors.

The Loud Confessor is very sure that, by mitting himself not to believe in this nonsense that, he is a big man indeed.

He cannot get away from the thought that he too shrewd a fellow to be taken in easily. He proud that he has outgrown the dogmatic struction received in his childhood. He has ained independent, free-thinking manhood, and considers it so much to his credit that he is happy unless he lets you know it.

Y IS HE PROUD?

Now to borrow an expression from Keats, why the name of glory is he proud? All things may forgiven unto him except his arrogance.

Would you know in what way the Loud Consor is not to be taken in! He will tell you nself unless you bind up your ears.

God? he asks. Who is God? What is God? here is he? What's he like? Have you ever en him? If you haven't, how do you know so uch about him?

The Virgin birth of Christ? The Resurrection om the dead? As if any reasonable, logical man uld believe such things! Beautiful ideas, no ubt, but superstition; superstition exploded ng ago"!

Yes, I forgot to mention in enumerating his aracteristics that our Loud Confessor is first and remost a reasoning, logical man. He sets great ore by Reason. Logic he worships as the hristian worships the God of Love.

And it is not unbecoming to inquire which is the more worthy of the two.

Further, the Loud Confessor of invincible reasoning power will demand to know how light shone upon the earth before the sun was created (according to the first chapter of Genesis); how Noah managed to get two of each sort and beast into an ark which was not large enough to hold a brace of mammoths; why there was no rainbow before the Flood; whom Cain married; and an answer to various other ancient problems.

That the problems *are* ancient he is unaware, or forgets. From his manner one would suppose that his was the first discovery of them, and that the admission of disbelief in such stupendous contradictions of proved fact was a token of unexampled intellectual power.

There will be other stumbling-blocks to his acceptance of an established creed. One of them is the wily question as to whether God created all things, to be followed up by the triumphant declaration that, if so, he must have created sin as well, *therefore* for sin mankind cannot be held responsible.

THEREFORE.

You will find the Loud Confessor much addicted to that word *therefore*. It is his stepping-stone from argument to logical, and *therefore* reliable assertion.

* * * * * * *

And now, briefly, for the retort courteous to the gentleman.

Mr. Loud Confessor (if, as I do hope, you scan these lines), as cowardice is even more boastful than courage, so unfaith is even more blatant than faith.

Many have died for their belief. Would you die for your disbelief?

As for your reason, no man has discovered yet why grass should be green.

Seek truth in humility.

A. G. Storm.

HOW MEN GET KNOCKED UP.

Some years ago, as many of our readers will remember, a well-known Association footballer, a master at one of our great public schools, died of pneumonia. This was because he had been playing football through an entire season with influenza on him. Here is a striking instance of the silly things men will do on occasion.

Another very foolish thing is to smoke when you have a heavy cold. Any doctor will tell you not to, and yet what man dreams of knocking off tobacco for such a reason?

Suddenly changing to a bowler after continually wearing cloth hats or caps for a long time is enough to give you a bad head-cold; while a hot bath taken too soon after eating will often set up a severe internal disorder.

SOME CYCLING HINTS.

ON CLEANING, BRAKES, AND HANDLE BARS

There are two ways of treating a bicycle. One is to make it your servant; the other is to be its servant.

In the former case you give it little attention and find that the bright parts rust, that the wheels get out of truth, and that the whole machine goes more or less to pieces within a couple of years. When, on the other hand, you devote all your leisure to your bicycle, you clean it diligently and carefully every time you return from a spin. Usually the enthusiasm necessary for this lasts only a few weeks.

A sensible plan is to keep your bicycle in a reasonably clean condition, and to apply a sufficient amount of oil and elbow-grease to the metal parts to prevent them from becoming rusty. If you neglect your bicycle altogether you are ruining a good machine, and if you devote too much time to its cleaning you are wasting leisure that might be more pleasurably spent—in the saddle of that same bicycle for example. The best course is to steer a happy mean.

One thing that makes many a man neglect the cleaning of his bicycle is the difficulty of obtaining a sufficiency of rags. To use the same rag over and over again is rather a dirty practice, but, particularly to the man who is living in lodgings, it is difficult to obtain a sufficient number of fresh rags.

Yet even he can get all he wants if he will examine the cast-off garments in his wardrobe. There are shirts that have worn thin at the tails or that have become frayed at the cuffs; there are waistcoats that have been cast aside because of the spots of ink upon them. Failing all these there are the old copies of the daily newspaper.

About this time, when you are thinking of making your bicycle a thing not only of utility but also of pleasure, you begin to see its defects while looking for its delights, and one of the defects that you often discover when you first begin to use your bicycle for touring purposes, or even for afternoon spins, is inefficiency on the part of the brakes.

Usually these can be put right with very little trouble. The strong steel wire that goes down from the lever into the socket that works the rim brake has merely worked loose against the screw that is supposed to keep it tight. All you have to do is to slacken this little nut, to press the lever back as far as possible so that the wire shall sink well down within the socket, and then to tighten up the nut afresh. The brake will then be as reliable as ever.

The need for attention to brakes is particularly great in the case of those men who use their bicycles for daily business purposes in level country. Where the roads are level there is no need to use the brake at all under ordinary circumstances, and so the cyclist is tempted to let his brakes get slack. When, however, he takes a pleasure jaunt into the country of an afternoon and has to negotiate hills, he finds, possibly at the cost of a few bruises, that it would have been well had he looked to his brakes earlier.

Another point which frequently annoys the cyclist is the perishing of the cork or celluloid handles of his machine. It is generally at the ends that these give way, and that they should do so is not surprising when one remembers how many cyclists lean their machines carelessly against a wall so that the handle bars bear the whole weight and friction.

You must treat your handles carefully in any case, but you can make them last much longer by removing them carefully and plugging up the end of the metal tube with corks before glueing them on again. When the handle-pieces have this backing of cork they are much less likely to come to grief.

H. Drew.

THE URCHIN IN THE TRAM

A LONDON SKETCH.

If you are at all susceptible to the incongruous you yourself would have wondered a little at seeing this diminutive urchin travelling all by himself inside a tramcar at ten o'clock at night. Probably your first impulse would have been to smile. The conductor concealed a smile when he clambered on at one of the stopping-places between New Cross and Camberwell, and as he shuffled along between the double row of feet, looking for a space wide enough to hold him, the majority of the passengers did likewise.

The only people who seemed to resent his presence were the pair between whom he eventually lodged himself. They made room reluctantly, with eyes on his clothes.

It must be granted that their resentment was excusable. He was the last word in uncleanliness and disreputability. His clothes were a revelation, literally in places, but principally as regards the extent to which raggedness may go without collapse of the original garment altogether. The sleeves of his voluminous coat were turned up several inches, otherwise his little red hands would have been hidden completely. One puny fist clutched something tightly, evidently his fare.

People looked, and looked away again. The rather fashionable young man on his left, after numerous oblique glances over the edge of his newspaper, unobtrusively drew his jacket tighter about him. The woman on the other side openly sniffed.

With it all the urchin sat there, apparently oblivious to his surroundings or to the mild sensation his appearance had caused, two bird-like eyes staring into vacancy, his feet, encased in dilapidated boots many sizes too big for him, dangling well clear of the floor.

And when the conductor approached for his fare he paid up a penny like a man.

* * * * * * *

Until now the sense of the incongruous had ruled, people having not recovered from their surprise that such a morsel of humanity should take his place among his larger brethren, sharing their privileges, keeping his counsel, travelling alone and unprotected as to the manner born.

But the paying over of the penny seemed to bring about a subtle change in their mental attitude. Amused interest gave way to personal curiosity. What were the boy's circumstances that he voluntary relinquished a whole penny for the sake of a short ride in a tram?

I felt this question palpitating in the air. Most of the urchins of my recollection would have tramped half across London rather than squander such a stupendous sum. No doubt the experience of the other passengers was the same. Again, allowing that he preferred this method of expenditure to the succulent allurements of lollypops or ice-cream, why was he not taking a livelier pleasure in the event? He showed no feelings whatever, nothing but a dumb lifelessness, almost exasperating by contrast with the enjoyment he ought to have displayed.

For some unaccountable reason I began to be angry with him. I wanted him to look as though he were aware that his chest was visible and his bony little knees projecting through rents in his trousers. I wanted him to be ashamed of the dirt on his face and the scabs on his chin. I wanted him not to sit on, taking no notice of anybody, looking as forlorn as a sparrow huddled on the wet branch of a tree in a thaw. I wished savagely that he was not so puny and forsaken-looking while I was warmly clothed, well-fed, and with enough money in my pocket to fit him out brand new from head to toe.

I deplored more than all the wanton waste of that penny. A penny must be to him as important as a sovereign to me (and the importance is not trifling, I assure you), and I knew that I should have to be in dire straits indeed before I parted with a sovereign for so little gain.

Why had he done it? Was, possibly, his mother ill, and he going post-haste for a doctor? I dismissed the idea. For such people there are the hospitals—or they die unnoticed.

As if for answer, a woman next to me said sotto-voce to her companion:

"Poor dear! he looks worn out."

That was it! There was the explanation! Some errand had taken him far away from home, and his tired little legs refusing to carry him any farther, he had been forced to spend his precious penny to get back again.

Looking back upon it in the cold light of reasoning, I can see that such speculation was sentimental. Probably there was nothing about him which really desired pathetic sympathy; probably he was just as contented to be a dilapidated urchin as to be a somewhat smug British citizen; but the fact remains that my pity was stirred, and I fancy the same was true of most of the other passengers.

I became acutely anxious at least to refund his penny. My fingers itched to get to my pocket and to hand over the coin. But I dared not do it openly. I have a horror of ostentatious charity. My nerves of sensitiveness went hot at the thought that I might be suspected of parading gentleness of heart. I knew I should feel ridiculous, and look ridiculous, if I obeyed my impulse. In the war between desire and reluctance I stirred uncomfortably in my seat.

I glanced around. The others were looking uncomfortable also. Then they too were thinking the same as I was. I will lay substantial odds that there was not a person in that tramcar who would not cheerfully and gladly have presented that urchin with a penny if no one had been watching.

And there was not one of us who had the courage!

* * * * * *

. . . Yes, there was one.

A woman with a basket on her lap, in a shabby cape and bonnet; a woman who looked as though pence were also of moment to her, got up to leave the car.

She stooped hurriedly. She thrust a handful—not *one*, a handful—of coppers into the urchin's hand; she muttered something incoherent, and bustled out of the car as fast as she could go.

The urchin did not even look at her, nor did he look down to see how much she had given him. He stared straight ahead, his tiny, bird-like eyes fixed on vacancy.

A little farther on he got off.

I glanced round furtively. Everybody looked ashamed.

S. MORSE-CHAPLIN.

THE PHRASEOLOGY OF SPORT.

"Come and dine with me, old man. What? Got another appointment? Oh, give it a miss." is quite an ordinary remark for one man to make to another; and it is one instance of the debt that the English language, as popularly spoken, owes to sport.

Our sports and games have immeasurably augmented our vocabulary, and gone a very long way towards increasing its picturesqueness.

For instance, men will talk of somebody having "shown the white feather"; but few of them will connect the phrase with its origin—namely, the maxim, common to the days of cock-fighting, that a bird with white feathers about it was not capable of putting up a good losing fight.

Again, a man will say that a woman is a little "long in the tooth"—very irreverent, no doubt—but he will probably be unaware of the "horsey" origin of the term.

"Now you've stumped me" is a very common expression, derived, of course, from our national summer game. "In at the death," "That's not quite cricket," "I'm feeling groggy"—hunting, cricketing, and boxing phrases respectively—are only a few more instances which go to illustrate our language's obligation to sport and sportsmen.

That our language should be thus indebted to sport is not regrettable. In sporting dicta there are words that go home.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain over ten thousand potential friends who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

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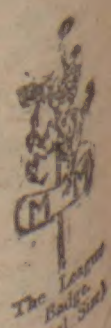


The League Badge. (Actual Size)

OMPLETE SHORT STORY.

OLD DELBY'S.

By S. B. WORSFOLD.

metimes, when the afternoon sun is shin-
oo warmly, when the rooms of my house
s bake-ovens, when even the peace of the
en hammock is disturbed by precocious
s, my mind turns to that piece of old-
d quiet which was "Old Delby's." This
Delby's corn shop on the White Horse
of a town that shall be nameless, but
is famous as one of the centres of hunt-
n England.

ar old Bob Delby was one of those men
are fated to please everyone in this world
ut any visible effort to do so. Everyone
a good word for old Bob, and old Bob
in return, a better word for everyone, and
ome few cronies and accepted friends a
upon the many sacks in his old shop.
was a grotesque company that upon warm
er afternoons gathered at Old Delby's,
ssing racing past and present hunting,
ine sports, and a hundred and one things
those of the younger generation who
possess themselves in patience more
enjoyed.

I write, the sun is poising above the
e-wooded horizon, and I am to see him
ver many and varied Wests, I suppose,
as far as I am concerned, he sinks for
ast time. Yet, now that his disc is red-
g in declining day, my mind goes back
Old Delby's," for on many a spring after-
have I watched the sun showing dully
gh the bud-bearing branches of the big
in the courtyard of the ancient church
ite Delby's.

ave smoked and watched until dusk came
he birds were settling to rest in the trees,
across the gloom bats swooped, and grey
sped to the brightening gas lamps that
e little cobble-stoned Plain of the White
e.

e regular habitués of Delby's flowed to
orn shop singly or in pairs a little after
'clock. Then, when as a matter of course
fted in later, I found them smoking in
very solemnly, and most philosophi-
Delby, in a white-powdered bowler,
once had been black, sat on an ample
which had been furnished with an ob-
ly home-made back to it, and, leaning for-
he supported his dusty-white arms upon
end of the bin that contained "best
s."

comfortable looking man was old Bob,
a clean-shaven fat face, and a back
dened by carrying many "cooms" of
upon it.

d Andrews the miller would be seated
ack in the irregular-built shop, usually
some sack-covered horse-cake.
e obese Johnson, the County Court bailiff,
ired the sack of peas by the door, be-
from this point of vantage he could dart
nd serve the light-brown pieces of paper
such unwary passers-by as had disre-
d their tailor's final emotion of "surprise
t receiving settlement of long outstanding
nt."
ttle Adams, the spectacled professional
er and withal occasional bookmaker, pre-
d the pile of sacks in the further corner
elby's, because they afforded him a com-
ble but obscured retreat whence he could
ll that passed outside when he was not
ng up his "book."
us, these four sat and puffed at their
co. Delby was for ever attempting to
r meerschaums, and no sooner had he
ed over a faint suspicion of fawn appear-
ound the bowl than down they would go
smithereens.
e pipe, however, he had preserved by the
ious use of much sealing-wax. It was
tty piece of carved meerschaum, coloured
a rich mahogany, and it represented a

hand holding a mammoth acorn. Its original amber stem had long since gone the way of all Delby's pipes, and had been replaced by a cherrywood and vulcanite mouthpiece, attached to the bowl by means of sealing-wax.

The bowl had fallen from marvellous heights but, strangely, remained unchipped and unbroken.

"Leave us that in your will, Bob," the ever impecunious Adams would remark from his divan, frequently, as he watched Delby puffing at his old favourite.

"No," Bob would say, "I can't trust 'em to bury the pipe wi' me. They'd say it was the notion of a madman. So I'm goin' to break it with what strength I have left afore I die. It'll smash, ye see, just afore I smash. An' nothin' but deliberate destruction 'll break that pipe. Nothin' but deliberate destruction."

"Course not," Andrews would echo. "We shall never get old Bob to give any of us that meerschaum."

"It dies with, or rather just afore me."

This would conclude Bob's final remarks on the subject. Yet I could always see that he turned the eye of conscious superiority—only equalled by the glance of a woman who has a hat superior to another's and knows it—upon the pipes of his friends. These comprised the briar of Mr. Adams, the bailiff's calabash, and the wealthy Andrews' clay.

But afternoons at Delby's were not without their minor modicum of insomnia, especially on big race days. There was probably less excitement at Epsom than prevailed at Delby's on the afternoon of a bygone City and Suburban.

For once, Adams did not seek to obscure himself in sacks, but crouching behind an oat-bin he watched the hurrying commission agent's clerks, who crossed the diagonal strip of pavement that bisected the Plain, on their way to the adjacent post-office.

Andrews was apathetic and sarcastic. Supposing Adams did collar one of these clerks and seek to sound him, what would be the good?

Adams averred that he believed in following the money and everyone knew that a big commission was to be worked "away" that day.

Thus Adams kept watch and chewed dry peas alternately. Delby continued to smoke his meerschaum philosophically and a little sadly. Even then the bankruptcies of several "big" hunting men had let him in for half-crown-in-the-pound dividends on many large hay and corn accounts.

Adams, behind the bin, at last arose cautiously. He was waiting for one Arthur Annisley, son of one of the "heads" whose ecclesiastic-looking offices looked on the Plain at right angles to Delby's. Adams prepared the bin-board, and catching sight of Arthur Annisley, who held obvious telegrams in his hand, he beckoned to him.

The County Court bailiff was immediately all excitement, and assisted Adams to loosen the bin-board upon which it was young Annisley's habit to take his seat when he called in casually. Annisley entered and took a generous handful of course oatmeal from an adjacent sack. Then he sat down on the loosened bin-board, and back he went into the white oats.

It was Adams who cautiously assisted him to rise and picked up his telegrams for him. Then he obligingly brushed young Annisley down. He knew all he wanted to know, and when Arthur Annisley had gone he galumphed.

"He came off a bad second that time," said Adams, as he swiftly indited a form to his S.P. merchant and rushed across the Plain.

As a matter of fact it turned out to be a "place double"—for so did the horse!

After that Andrews was more sarcastic than ever, and the bailiff who had shared with Adams was touchy upon the subject of horse racing.

Thus, for a time things resumed their accustomed calm at Delby's, and were always the same. When I looked in casually my eyes gazed on a peaceful scene, my nose scented the tobacco smoke which fought with the smell of hay and pollard for the victory. Instinctively my hand approached the coarse oatmeal, and munching this I would listen to these four old gentlemen talking of the "good old days."

Yet there came a time when I missed Andrews, the miller—when old Bob Delby's heavy, chuckling laugh was a thing of the past, when the County Court bailiff spoke no longer in jest of debt, nor of the sport of outwitting luckless debtors. Only Adams, the gentleman connected with the turf professionally, remained cheerful.

It struck me somehow as a little ominous, and often I would see the mahogany-coloured meerschaum-hand holding the mammoth acorn bowl lying cold just above the till, while in the little office or "bunk," as old Bob Delby called it, I could see Delby's head bent over the books.

But all the bending over books in the world will not make up for losses by bad debts in trade, raise bankrupt debtors from the dead, or get money out of the living ones.

One afternoon when I looked in I found Delby alone. His cold meerschaum hung in his mouth by the cherrywood and vulcanite stem. I handed him my pouch. Associaton with the habitués of the old-world corn-shop had educated my youthful palate up to shag of the strongest. Formerly my "cut hay" had been rejected in scorn.

Mechanically Delby opened it and filled his bowl. I noticed then that his ancient tobacco jar had not a dust of the best fourpenny dark Virginia in it. I was beginning to guess at things. Delby, usually so particular about his toilet, had not brushed back his hair well into his ample neck as was his habit.

"Delby!" said I. "Delby!"

Surely this man, whom no one had seen the worse for a glass, was not drunk!

"Say something, man!" said I.

He merely applied his match to the acorn bowl in answer, and pointed to the square faced clock in his "bunk."

"Wait," said he, very deliberately and in the most somnolent tone imaginable.

On the stroke of three it was old Johnson, the County Court bailiff, who entered with his official partner.

"Old Robert," said he, "Bob, old boy, I'm—man, 'sorry' don't describe it—but this 'ere's a——"

"Professional visit?" said Old Delby, slowly, as a man in a dream.

"Yes," said he. "Me and my mate here are—in possession—at the instance o' James Andrews, miller, etcetera, etcetera——"

"Business," said Old Delby, "is——"

"Bad business," said Johnson, the bailiff, delicately refraining from taking his accustomed seat on the brown peas, and selecting the edge of a corn bin.

"Very well," said Delby.

I saw him look out over White Horse Plain. I saw him watch the last sunset he was to see.

Then his pipe dropped from that kindly hand which had done naught but good.

Old Bob Delby had fallen forward on the little counter above his empty till.

A MAN'S OLD BOOKS.

Sometimes, in turning out your boxes, you may come across old educational books — and the thoughts that they evoke are many and varied. Those strenuous and yet happy days when you were "stewing" for the Matric. come back to you with a rush, and you think pleasantly of the men who were "stewing" with you.

There was old Dunlop, the optimistic, who had been up twelve times before, and for all you know is going up still; Carter, whose German characters puzzled the German lecturer himself; and dear old Haig, who promised, if he passed, to stand the whole crowd a dinner. He stood it, too, though he didn't pass.

Then there was Spence, who fancied his boxing, and got knocked down the stairs outside the chemical lab. by a small fellow with a white face, who turned out to be a champion public-school light-weight.

Aye, those were jolly times.

CHOOSING A TENNIS RACKET.

From 14oz. to 14½oz. is a good average weight for a racket, although, of course, a lighter or heavier one may better suit your individuality. The great thing is that it should balance well, and feel light and springy in the hand.

On the principle that the strongest part of a chain is its weakest link, so the most important part of the racket head is the shoulder, for it is here that rackets are most likely to break or split.

See to it that there is plenty of wood at the shoulder, and that the wood in general is well-grained.

Beware of rackets that don't show any grain. The bow should be inclined to squareness, but free from angles.

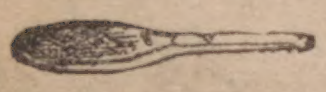
Ash is the best material for the racket, though those made of different woods spliced together have their strong points, among them the fact that they are not so likely to warp as rackets made all of one wood.

White gut is a snare and a delusion, for its whiteness has been obtained by chemical processes which deteriorate it. The natural, yellowish gut is the best. Avoid very high-strung rackets, for it is impossible to get a really good hold of the ball with them.

Most people use the ordinary octagonal handle, but the grooved handle is far less tiring to the hand.

A racket press is as indispensable to the longevity and continued "youthfulness" of your racket, as a press is to the well-being of your trousers. A racket should never be exposed to extremes of heat or cold, and a little sweet oil well rubbed into the frame from time to time will preserve it.

The racket should balance above the screw, and in a good racket there is almost as much life as there is in a billiard cue. In playing, remember that the force and accuracy of your stroke is enormously increased by "following through."



SNOBBERY IN SPORT

THE STATUS OF THE PROFESSIONAL PLAYER.

There is far too much snobbery in sport. One of the most flagrant examples of this is, of course, the absurd custom which ordains that at cricket there should be separate pavilion entrances for amateur and "pro.," and that while the former is described as "Mr. So-and-So," the latter is not allowed to have a Christian name.

This stigmatising of the cricket professional is not only snobbish, but supremely ridiculous. In this country cricket is honoured above all other games. It is supported and fostered by eminent men. It demands from its votaries a long apprenticeship and great skill. The first-class professional is admittedly a clean-living, respectable man. He makes a very decent income, and can look forward to retiring with a nest-egg of from £500 to £2,000 as the result of benefits. Finally, on this point, a man can give his whole life to cricket, for after his playing days are over he can still follow his profession as coach, umpire, or what not.

THE PLAYER AND THE CLERK.

That is the point, cricket in what it offers in the way of livelihood, and in the skill and intelligence it requires of the players, is more a profession than a business or trade.

The professional cricketer, to my mind, is quite as much a professional man as a lawyer's clerk or a schoolmaster, but we treat him as something lower than a butler.

Then take golf. Players like Braid, Vardon, and Taylor make large incomes; they are clever men, enormously clever men, as much specialists in their line as any Harley Street doctor, and golf as played by them is a profession. But again, socially, they are pariahs. Why? It is impossible to give a satisfactory reason, the whole thing is so hopelessly illogical. We honour games in the abstract, we dishonour them in the concrete form of the professional player.

THE PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

Mr. Thomas Inch has not lost social caste because he has become a physical culture expert. He is "Thomas Inch, Esquire," and quite rightly, too, yet is he not just as much a "professional" as Hayward, Taylor, or Bloomer?

At cricket, golf, or football, however, a man is an amateur so long as he does not directly or indirectly make money out of the game; it does not matter what he is in private life.

But there are some sports where social status is the test of amateurship, and in this respect rowing is the most snobbish of all sporting cliques.

Dr. F. J. Furnivall, the veteran sculler, spoke out strongly on this point when entertained recently at the Authors' Club. He protested strongly against the rule of the Amateur Rowing Association, which prevents working men from rowing on the Thames as amateurs under the Association's auspices.

WAGE-EARNERS.

At the Working Men's College, said Dr. Furnivall, there were men to whom he could take off his cap and say, "I honour you." It was too bad that a man earning a weekly wage of thirty shillings could not be recognised as an amateur simply because he was paid a weekly wage, whereas a clerk at £78 a year was recognised.

Observe, that there is no question of the working-man oarsman making money out of rowing; he is barred simply and solely because he is a working-man, and if that isn't rank snobbery, what is?

The whole question of amateur status is hopelessly mixed. A working-man cannot row on the Thames as an amateur; an Australian railway porter can come over here and play cricket as an amateur.

An amateur must not compete against a professional runner, but golfing amateur and pro. can and do meet in the Open Championship, and good job, too!

Sporting snobbery is working harm in more than one direction, most obviously in that it encourages the bogus amateur.

AN OPENING IN SPORT.

Sport and games offer an excellent livelihood to the expert. Many a young athlete finds himself in this position. His parents have not been able to educate him for the law, medicine, or any other of *the* professions. All he can hope for is a bank clerkship. As a professional athlete he could make from £200 to £2,000 a year, but if he openly turned professional, he would be beyond the social pale, so he becomes a bogus amateur to the detriment of the game and himself.

Then sporting snobbery is breeding a race of false champions. Take Rugby football. Will anyone dare to say that the English Fifteen is composed of the finest players in the country? Of course it isn't, and it never will be so long as the "broken-time" player of the Northern Union is considered a "pro." Men get International caps nowadays who are in no sense representative players.

The tendency to-day is all to the setting-up of spurious and valueless championships and snobbery is at the back of this.

CLASSES AND MASSES.

Holding sport in the estimation we do, it is sheer nonsense socially to degrade the man who openly lives by it.

And there is this point. Without being political everything points to a coming conflict between the "classes" and the "masses." Feeling between the two great social divisions is accentuated by sporting snobbery. Could anything, for example, be more insulting to working-men than the attitude of the Amateur Rowing Association?

Sport should bring men together, not divide them. In the brotherhood of sport there should be founded the greater brotherhood of all men, but snobbery is fatal to fraternity.

A gentleman never insists upon his gentility. As Dr. Furnivall said in concluding the speech already mentioned: "I am convinced that when English gentlemen become really and truly English gentlemen and act accordingly, the distinction will end."

May it soon be so in all other sports and games.

G. Howard.

GOOD RESULTS
follow the insertion of a small advertisement in our Readers' Sale and Exchange. See page 3 of cover.

ADMIRATION.

THE LOVE OF A MAN FOR A HORSE.

I have only once seen pure and unselfish admira- in in real life. I have read of it in books and eamt of it in dreams, but Charlie Rocky's miration for Maggie was of the quality that ets write of and the world rarely sees.

Charlie Rocky was stableman, yardman, and oom at the Hall Farm, and Maggie, the chestnut- ned, had the best box in the stable, and was r treated as a racing trotter of high degree. all ladies bred and born, she was most par- ular, and, unless your were properly and satis- torily introduced, she would never take any ndly notice of you.

Friends of Charlie Rocky's were friends of hers. "If you want to see a spanker, sir," Charles had served to me over a mug of beer in the village stelry, "come to the Farm stables. I'll show u somethin' worth lookin' at."

The buxom landlady furnished me with the . At the stables, Charles opened the upper of Maggie's box.

"Good old girl! Good old girl!" said Charlie ocky. He gave me an imperceptible nod as e blinked at me. I smoothed her soft nose, fely, unsnapped at, and—the thing was done—I ave her the sugar.

We were on the best of terms immediately.

He unbolted the lower door, and we entered gether, Maggie evincing some desire—immedi- ately suppressed—to stroll outside and take the ning air in the yard.

I assumed what, as a mere *poseur*, I believed to e the correct method of standing when inspect- ng a horse with a reputation—legs apart, stick ut at, cap tilted slightly over one eye, and a sh of criticism in my expression.

Charlie—his shirt sleeves were rolled up above s elbow, and his tight-waist-fitting breeches were left unsupported by the leather braces which, attached to the buttons, hung down classi- ally—undid the roller, and with professional hand flung off the cloth in the manner of a duke ing a statue of great beauty, and said:—

"There you are, sir! Pretty as paint!"

I wish that print was capable of expressing if the depth of feeling in the last sentence of Charles. I wish that you could have seen the gleam in his eye, the pride of virtual possession in his pose.

Then you might have learned to recognise pure ration should you ever chance to meet it —and, there being so little of it in this orld, it is worth drinking in when offered you free of charge. A man admires a woman for several things—a horse for only one, and that one thing is solid worth.

I looked at Maggie. Like a woman, again, e was evidently fully conscious of her charms. She stood still and allowed me to inspect her.

The way her kindly brown eye regarded me casionally with just a touch of unconcern, told me that she knew her charm was in herself, that Charlie knew it, that neither Peter Robinson, Sel- fridge, nor any decorative art contributed to her less than pleasing *tout ensemble*. The slender. ll of power, were in themselves sufficient. ich all this united to the aristocratic mouth of ers, fitted only for the brightest of bits, you might have shared in a measure the admiration that Charlie Rocky felt for her. You might have seen in her the thing of beauty, which was a joy ever to Charles.

I must have shown what was passing in my mind, Charles continued with my line of thought.

"*And*," he said, "she can trot twelve an hour on the roughest road."

"Good old lady. Grand old girl!" he continued. "Steady there. Stand steady!"

Maggie had shown a firm intention of burying her nose in the region of Charlie's ample chest.

"You see, it's like this, sir. She likes a bit of affection, an' I don't mind giving it to her out o' business hours as you might say. Put her between

the shafts and she's got to repay it a bit, and she does, too, by gosh!

"For instance, there's Jimmy Tanker up at Mr. Norris's place. He reckons his gov'nor's horse—Velocity he calls him—can whack her over a good spin, and Velocity"—an unlovely sneer here—"(Fancy namin' him after a City and Sub. winner! Snobbery *I* call it!) Velocity, I say, has got the advantage of a light American trap, while my Old Lady has to step it out classy in somethin' British-made and a dam' sight heavier into the bargain.

"*We*—that's my boss and I—are sufferin' from the alarmin' depression in English agriculture, you see, and have to make the best of what we've got on our hands. But that's beside the point, sir. All I've got to say is that I'm willing to match Maggie, stout harness, heavy gig, and all, against all the bloomin' Velocities—bah!—that ever were foaled!

"Do I flick her with the whip, or as much as lay it on her? Not likely! Mag knows that yeller cart o' Jimmy Tanker's anywhere. She knows she's got to step it out on sight. The trouble is to hold her in when the boss is aboard, fussin' himself about the wind. You should see me windin' a rein round each hand, and sweatin' because the Old Girl's nearly pullin' my arms out of their sockets. Makes my lovely complexion purple, it does.

"'Very fresh, to-day, Charles,' says my boss.

"I nod. But it ain't freshness; its bloomin' enthusiasm, that's what it is—ain't it, old girl? Yes, sir, she knows we're talkin' about her. She knows! Look at her spottin' you off. Yes, Mag, this is a pal o' mine. Free with his beer. A judge of horseflesh."

I shook my head sadly.

"Well, dang me, a blind man could see what a booty Mag is. If he couldn't, he could feel. Why—why—hang it! If the Prince o' Wales was to offer me all his Windsor Stud for Mag——"

He never finished that sentence. It was the "young mistress" who came down to the stable with two pieces of sugar in her hand.

From that moment Maggie's attention was taken off us mere men. Somehow we felt outsiders—even Charles. Somehow we knew we ought not to be there. We stole out—rather sneakishly, I fear.

When we looked back the "young mistress" was imprinting a kiss on the velvet of Maggie's nose.

We averted our glances hastily. Dual admiration is oft the cause of jealousy.

"It's these women as spoil the best 'osses that ever were foaled," said Charles Rocky, a little savagely.

"And the best men," I caught myself murmuring.

J. S. FRASER.

FOULS.

DEALING WITH SHARP PRACTICE IN SPORT.

The scene is a cosily appointed room looking on to a great racecourse, alive with a seething mass of humanity. Eagerly they go about their business, with never a thought for what is happening in that fateful room.

In it the career of many a promising rider has been checked, or perhaps terminated for ever; and the jockey who now stands there, pale and with his heart beating irregularly beneath his gaudy silk jacket, wonders how the present interview is likely to end for him.

Close at hand stand a prosperous-looking sportsman and another jockey, both of whose faces wear expressions of grim determination; while seated round a table are several dignified gentlemen all wearing a stereotyped look of judicial impassiveness.

"Briggs," says one of them, "you are charged by Mr. Selwyn and his jockey, Blake, with boring and bumping Mr. Selwyn's horse Thistlesifter in the Manborough Plate."

Summoning all his courage, the jockey explains. It is all a mistake. He was calling on his horse for a final effort, and he was confident of winning, when Blake on Thistlesifter came up abreast of him on the rails. A piece of paper fluttering across the course startled his mount, causing it to swerve sideways. . . . and so on, and so forth.

But it is no good. Briggs leaves the room heavy-hearted. His licence will be suspended for three months, for "boring and bumping" is one of the commonest fouls in the sport of horse-racing.

Football is a sport in which fouls abound, but they are for the most part so well known to the general public that it would serve no purpose to touch on them here.

In a recent number of THE MODERN MAN an article appeared dealing with boxing fouls, but here is one which was not included in it. It would not, obviously, be put into practice in a contest between two men of equally high class, but an old hand will often try it on a novice. It consists in treading heavily on the other's foot, and, while he is thus momentarily off his guard, putting in a telling blow.

If the referee notices it, and says anything, the offender asserts that his victim turned his toes in—a fairly common habit in a beginner—and that it was impossible to avoid treading on his foot.

Something after the same fashion is done by unscrupulous competitors in hurdle races. If they are flying their hurdles neck and neck with another man, they will watch their opportunity, and when taking the next obstacle contrive to come down on the other man's foot, sometimes heavily enough for the spikes of their shoes to penetrate his flesh. This will put him out of the running at once; and it is easy to explain afterwards that the accident was caused by their taking the hurdle badly.

Have you ever played water-polo? If so, you may possibly have experienced a form of foul that is often met with at that game and in swimming races. A man will swim alongside of you, get a little ahead, and will then deftly contrive to kick you in the ribs. An unscrupulous player, too, when challenged by a bustling back at water-polo, will try, if unobserved by the referee, to splash water in his eyes.

Most of our readers will remember the occasion when at the Olympic Games of 1908 Lieutenant Halswelle, of Great Britain, was badly interfered with in a half-mile race by a foreign runner. This man, when Halswelle was leading and looked an easy winner, managed to draw abreast. Then he forced the Scotsman right on to the stakes at the turn, and, like a flash, drove his elbow into the other's ribs, but he was not clever enough. Five or more of the judges saw the foul, and the "crook" was disqualified.

Such fouls happen more often in races than in any other branch of sport; for the reason that, in the majority of cases, there is less risk of the acts being detected.

J. J. DOVE.

Where Men Foregather

LX.

THE PARK.

I do not mean particularly *the* Park, although Hyde Park has some special points and characteristics.

In no other public park does one meet with such extremes of wealth and poverty as in London's greatest lung.

Hard-by, where the young Duke of Datchet lounges on the rails or sits on green-painted chairs, there slouches Albert Brown, furtive, shambling, frowzy, unclean, an offence and a blot on the landscape. Yet he is John Douglas St. Maur Astley Clieveden, sixth Duke of Datchet's brother man and brother Briton.

I remember asking a clever Canadian lady on her first visit to our shores what had most impressed her about London, and she answered: the sight of three white men rooting in a dust-bin for food.

FROM POMP TO SQUALOR.

She said she had once seen a Chinaman similarly engaged in Vancouver, and she had thought that pretty bad. But had she not seen it with her own eyes never, she said, would she have believed that in the world's greatest and wealthiest capital, in the very heart of the British Empire, could such a sight have been seen as three white men, three Britons, scavenging like hungry dogs among the broken victuals and refuse of a dust-bin.

In Hyde Park you may turn from all the pomp and panoply of fashion, and within a few yards gaze upon the most hopeless derelicts of civilisation.

You may turn from plethoric dowagers out for an airing in the faint hope of securing some sort of appetite for their eight-course luncheons and see terrible-looking men waiting hungrily on the chance that some well-born kid will throw away his half-finished bun or bag of biscuits.

You may feast your eyes on Miss Pompadour, the celebrated stage beauty, who bathes twice a day in warm milk, and a stone's throw away see Beery Billy, the tramp, cleaning himself with a small piece of soap and the wetted corner of the grimy rag he calls his handkerchief.

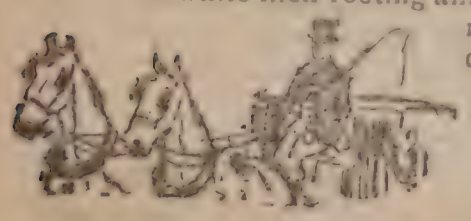
SELF-RESPECT IN RAGS.

You may see the successful man, in all his pride of achievement, master of himself and of all the good things of life, and hard-by you shall see the respectable failure. Of all sad sights on earth there are few sadder than these broken men who sit hour after hour on the benches in the Park.

They have done no wrong. They are just unlucky failures, kicked out perhaps to make room for younger or cheaper men. Anyhow, the world has no longer any need of them. If they were criminals they would be carefully fed and tended; they would be able to earn money. Had they lost their self-respect the workhouse would swallow them up.

But they cling desperately to honesty and independence. I think there is something heroic about these broken men, and I think it is a damned disgrace to England that this should be.

I do not wonder that my Canadian friend's eyes flashed, and her cheeks burned, when she spoke of white men rooting amid garbage for some stale, mouldy crust, some foul, discarded entrails.



It is not the professional beggar, the habitual criminal, the chronic "unemployed," who is to be found snouting in the dust-bins; the garbage heap is the last resort of genteel poverty, of decent men whom fate has driven to the end of their tether.

But come, let us turn from Hyde Park with its kaleidoscope of millionaires and "moochers," of priggish bishops and ranting atheists, of bedizened courtesans and bedraggled "unfortunates," of courtly aristocrats and coarse, money-seeking cads, of "uppish" nursemaids, and weary, ragged women, to lesser parks and pleasanter sights.

Spring is in the air, and the parks are full of courting couples in the dinner hour or after the day's toil is done. Personally, I think I should find some difficulty in making love to a lady on a bench with couples on either side; but bless you, the park lovers don't mind.

Sometimes they loll on the grass, and "he" pillows his head on "her" lap, and she fans him with his alleged Panama and tells him to "go hon." Madame Suburbia, passing through the park, which she is privately convinced was opened for her especial benefit, tip-tilts her rather common nose at the lovers, and stigmatises them as "vulgar." Dear imitation of a lady; I think the really vulgar person is you who would rather die than be seen walking arm-in-arm with that good, stupid man, your husband.

WHERE TO SEE SPORT.

What is natural is vulgar only in the estimation of vulgar people. Therefore, my fairly good woman, don't elevate your nose at the lovers of the parks; they are natural, and if you had a grain of artistic feeling or perception in you you would applaud not contemn them.

Then there are the sportsmen of the parks, the cricketers, tennis players, good fellows all, who cheerfully give their scanty leisure to playing games under conditions which might be pleasanter.

They don't care if the cricket pitches are fiery and humpy, the tennis greens all on a slope; they are genuine sportsmen, and they would rather play on the side of a mountain than not at all. You will see far more sporting cricket in a park on a Saturday afternoon than you will in half a dozen county matches.

Peter Gilchrist.

AN IRRESPONSIBLE GAME.

When five or six men get together with an hour or two to while away they sometimes find it difficult to make the time pass, and cast about for a good game to play. Well, why not try "stump cricket"? It is one of the most irresponsible of games, but it provides excellent fun.

All you need is three cricket stumps and a ball. Pitch two stumps at the regulation distance from one another, and then, using the third stump as a bat, play three a-side or so, after the fashion of single wicket. The attacking side, of course, will consist of one bowler and two fieldsmen, and the latter pair of spartans will have to trot about with considerable agility, for the strokes scored off a stump are of a variety and a weirdness unimaginable until one has given the game a trial.

And, from the point of view of both bowler and batsman, the practice afforded by this game for actual cricket is very valuable. After a short time the trundler's "sense of direction" increases wonderfully, and the batsman's defence is materially strengthened.

THE SWIMMER.

A MEMORY.

He was a fine figure of a man, grandly proportioned, a man worth looking at.

He had lived every moment of his life, I dare wager, but his crop of wild oats would be reaped by himself, and not by the usual gleaners of such harvests.

He was just even in his sinning—a born fighter whether his opponent was Old Neptune or the gentler daughters, the rivers that ran into the sea, or just that which men, for lack of a better word, call Fate.

I shall never forget the first time I saw him.

He was as God made him, every stitch of civilisation—which, after all, is only clothes—stripped off him. He was standing up in a small boat that rocked on the vast expanse of water that lies around the wild West Coast of Ireland, ready for his morning swim.

The early rays of the sun shone on his sun-kissed skin, where the muscles rippled beneath, as he stood for a second motionless before he dived.

He was a man, every inch—a man, and a magnificent animal.

I think the sea loved him so well that it would fain have hidden him under the waves for ever, but the time was not yet.

A hero? Well, the widow who lived at the cottage on the outskirts of a little Welsh village called him one, and asked God to bless him in her prayers for a good man, for he had risked his life in the fierce waters below the falls to rescue her small five-year-old son.

He laughed as he shook the water from him.

"I dare say if the kid could only look into the future he wouldn't bless me for my interference," he observed a trifle cynically. "There are worse things than death at five years, and that's life after forty."

"And the next chap you see in danger of a watery grave?" he was asked.

"Oh! I shall risk his ingratitude, I suppose."

And because the good folk of that village wanted to make a popular idol of him he left.

He was not given to yarning, and of his private life little or nothing was known.

That women had played no inconsiderable part in his past was obvious by many a sign, but whether he had ever experienced a great passion was locked up in his own breast, and the well-cut mouth was as inscrutable as the sphinx.

Even his birthplace was only a conjecture, but I always fancied the Green Isle had had the honour.

Honour? Yes, for he was a brave man.

He was a good all-round athlete, but swimming was his forte. He was, above all, a swimmer.

His feats were many and daring.

"Why don't you swim the Channel?" he was often asked.

He shrugged his great shoulders.

"Probably if it had never been done I should," he said.

One of his last feats was when he rescued the crew of a little barque that had gone to pieces on the treacherous rocks of the wild Irish coast.

No one else dared face that sea. No one but himself could have carried that project through.

"I hope I'll take my last swim out in the waters," he said to me once.

And many and many a time I have wished that such might have been his end—fighting for other lives.

It was in the softly rippling waters of an inland river with the summer sunshine bathing the landscape that the swimmer made an end, not fighting against the current, not matching his strength against tides and waves, but perishing because a pebble had got entangled in some weeds.

With all the malignant pertinacity of inanimate things, they clung about the swimmer's feet and dragged him down.

Perhaps such happenings are explained on the other side of the great Curtain, or will be in the day when He who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand shall bid the sea and the rivers cease to exist.

A. M. Stewart.

A MAN, HIS FRIEND, AND HIS WIFE

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

I.

George Denny's letter plainly stated that the little house-and-hunting party at his place was to be "quiet."

It was his usual formula, by which we who were his friends plainly recognised that he had shown the original copy to his white-haired housekeeper to assuage her susceptibilities, for, pending the installation of a Mrs. George, we were dependent upon that good lady for all the creature comforts that only a genuine hand (of the light, cooking order) can dispense.

I have been to many of George Denny's sporting week-ends. I certainly should not say that "quiet" aptly described any of them.

I cannot see that "quiet" applies to uproarious concerts, with Ernest Fritton at the piano and the rest of us at variance with the tune and time, or the eighteenth century evenings, quaffing punch (with a fair regard to our respective limitations) in the brick-floored, old-world kitchen.

The punch was made according to a recipe that had been handed down for several generations. We were a brisk, bright, and brotherly party at George Denny's in those days!

On the particular occasion of which I write, however, the first man I missed from the company, when we assembled at dinner on the Friday night, was young Ernest Fritton, an all-round good sort, jester-in-chief to the company, and George Denny's dearest friend. Of course, I turned to Tommy Tythe, who shared rooms with Ernest in London, and, next to George Denny, was his best friend.

"Oh! George can tell you all about it," Tythe said in answer to my surprised query. "Things being slack in Threadneedle Street, both Ernest and I swooped on George and demanded a room."

Our host, desisting from the occupation of ladling round soup, took up the line.

"Of course," said he, "there was no keeping Ern off that big bay, the worst puller we've got in the stable. To cut a long story short, he came a nasty purler very early in the day. After he remounted I saw him go pale about the gills and promptly had him taken back here by a pal who was driving to the meet that day. . . . Thick or clear, Tommy?"

"Anything 'll do *me* . . . Well, I left him at home pretty crocked pro tem. today," said Tythe. "Doctor can't quite determine what's up with him."

"Something internal," our host continued, impaling a piece of bread from the trencher upon his knife, "and his cheerful message to me, per Tommy, was that if he hacked the pail he should haunt the house—and his room in particular, forthwith, and should demand from the Psychical Research Society a certificate to the effect that he was the only licensed cheerful ghost permitted to do amateur and ligitimate haunting within the room."

The guests roared. We were in a mood to laugh at anything that night.

"By the way," said George to me, "we're adding to that old wing where you used to be quartered, so you'll sleep in the room on the first floor known as Fritton's Room."

"With the portrait of Ernest for company," said Tommy Tythe. "So it's a good job that he hasn't demanded that certificate from

the Psychical Research Society—that he isn't in a position to do so."

Further titters greeted this sally. The idea of our jester-in-chief as a ghost was really too piquant. We had seen his "spoof" impersonations of Hamlet upon several occasions, and to spare our aching sides had been driven to locked door retirement in our own apartments.

"Anyhow," said George, "no one can say that that full-length portrait of Ernest isn't more than a speaking likeness. Even the monograms on the Hunt buttons are plain. Willis, my boy"—a rather picturesquely-posed young man at the further end raised his head—"you'll be an R.A. yet. A Sergeant—if only in the Royal Artillery."

"Slay him—the vile punster," said Tommy, choking. "Hand me the carving knife that I may instantly remove yon base usurper of our Ernest's place!"

At that moment a servant knocked at the door and brought a telegram straight to our host. George opened it, read it, and folded it carefully and somewhat abstractedly.

I see him now as he looked when he rose. . . . The red shades on the silver-fringed lamps threw his rather fine features into a solemn, almost tragic relief. I remember noticing that he fortified himself with a draught of the wine we were drinking that evening. Then he spoke.

"A moment ago," he said, "you fellows were upbraiding me for usurping Ern Fritton's place. Well——"

I observed that the hand that held the telegram trembled a little.

"Well, I'm thinking, boys, friends, good sportsmen all, that we *shall* want someone to fill his place. Gentlemen, this telegram decides that, for me at least, bachelor days are no more. You know what Ern *was* to me."

"*Was*! Good God!" said Tommy tensely in a silence that could be cut.

"I mean," said George very clearly but a little unsteadily, "I mean—that he is dead!"

II.

Those things that followed directly upon George's announcement were plain and straightforward.

Returning to town by train, we all said we knew that ere six months had passed Ellen Vorse would be mistress of Gorton Hall. We were wrong by three months, for only half of the prophesied period had passed when I was accorded the honour (and expense) of acting as best man to a suitably quiet village wedding.

I had met Miss Vorse twice before this happy occasion. A young woman of peculiar charm, her conversation ran upon weird lines, such as my rather practical brain failed in places to follow. Striking-looking rather than pretty, her face indicated a nature in which the occult and psychic forces were strong.

With the freedom accorded to friends, we had discussed George's future wife and put her down as quite unsuitable. Her installation meant, for one thing, that we should have to cultivate the art of polite conversation and of a higher grade than the usual conversational babble. For myself I must say that Schopenhauer and water lost their charms for me at an early age.

To week-end invitations that followed I received refusals which I flattered myself were above the usual form of polite fabrication. George's letters grew fewer and appeared at irregular and ever-lengthening intervals. Yet this was not a thing that surprised me, for has it not been written that a man shall forsake all and cleave unto his wife? Was it for me—a mere old friend of bachelor days—to expect other treatment than that which I received?

When I bade good-bye to George, the lady was in that mysterious costume known as the "going-away" dress. By the same token George was as much out of my life as poor Ernest Fritton. The poor boy's room, I understood, would still be kept sacred to his memory. After the wedding George told me this in the most expressionless of voices.

It was hard to believe that the same man had spent one night before Fritton's portrait keeping vigil. *I* slept that night . . . but George—deathly pale and with glazed eyes—was there when I awoke . . . still keeping watch.

Looking back on the events that followed his marriage, the manner of my inclusion in the little drama all seems very strange.

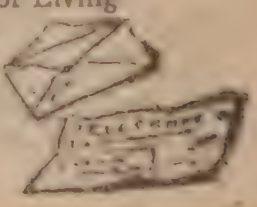
The first intimation came to me in the form of a letter that lacked the usual opening expected in these prosaic days. Mrs. George Denny, in fact, seemed to be writing merely to limitless space. She had taken care, however, to address the envelope very plainly to me.

A deal of it is not worth quoting, but there are certainly two passages in which a glimmer of sensible information shines through the mist of high-flown, frenzied diction:

". . . . Then I would demand of the careless gods, of an all-seeing Providence, why should this thing fall upon a woman who is willing to devote more than her life to the service of the man she loves, asking naught in exchange but *his* love, his affection, his regard? Why is only one room in this great house ever occupied for any length of time during his waking hours? What is the reason, the cause, the idea? . . . ".

Limitless space apparently supplies no answer, for two pages further on comes the second extract which gives it in many more words than a sub-editor of a journal pressed for space would consider necessary:

"He is cold to me. Is it the gloom of this accursed house, this great manorial mansion that has sunk into his soul as it is sinking into mine? No . . . it comes to me in the dead of night that I am a thing of no account to him: that he who is dead is more, that the chill memory of a friendship of the past is greater to him than the presence of Living Love. . . . I hear him now in that room as I write. He is laughing at some



joke such as passes between men. God! If he knew what it all means to me! Sometimes the portrait looks at me, laughs at me, jeers me back, and haunts me—yes, haunts me—night and day. . . ."

The epistle is signed plainly with the mere name. "Yours sincerely" would certainly have knocked the atmosphere out of the thing, and limitless space neither extends nor asks for compliment. Yet the last lines plainly show that intervention from the outside world would not be unpalatable:

"If only someone who had command over his soul would see him or speak to him! If someone in the name of Friendship could but show him all that I cannot in the name of Love."

The same day I wired George to expect me that night. He had said "Come whenever you like. I shall be pleased to see you."

I doubted the second clause now, but before he had had time to refuse the train was taking me Gortonwards, and ere eleven o' the clock, I was unpacking my hair brush, pyjamas, etc., in a room prepared for me in the new wing.

George did not receive me when first I arrived. There was a decided gloom all over the house, unrelieved by the "tick-tock" of various grandfather clocks on the dimly-lit landings. The only person to cheer me was the ancient retainer of the family—the butler. He brought me the formal message that Mrs. Denny would come forward presently. In the meantime a meal had been spread for me in the dining-room.

"Don't go," I said to the excellent William, as I started on my supper. "How's things?"

"Things, sir,"—William sighed deeply—"is *not* the same, not even the arrangements of this 'ouse, if I may say so."

"Go on," I observed, noting with some pleasure that the wine at least was still drinkable.

"Mr. Fritton's room," said the butler, "is made into a study—Master's study. And there 'e sits all day and 'arf the night. 'No 'untin', sir, no anything.' . . . Sits there an' smokes. Sometimes you 'ear 'im laugh; and it ain't as if any of you young dev—gentlemen, I mean—was there with him. Mr. Tythe hain't been. *Wo* one ha' been. . . . And missus—well——."

His words were interrupted by the entrance of a picturesque and pale Mrs. George Denny, and William shuffled out of the room.

"You read my message?" she asked, omitting to welcome me formally.

I nodded.

"I'll wait until you've finished your food; then you'll come with me, will you?"

"I am at your service now," said I, and, rising, I followed her.

Mounting the broad stairway she walked along the gloomy corridor. We came to the door of Fritton's room.

"Listen!" said she.

Inside there was a rustling of some papers and then a voice—the voice of George—a little weak, but full of a certain intoxicated mirth.

"Now that was in your best style, Ernest," said he. . . . "Oh, lord I'm sure I shall die laughing."

Mrs. Denny said "You see? Then come away."

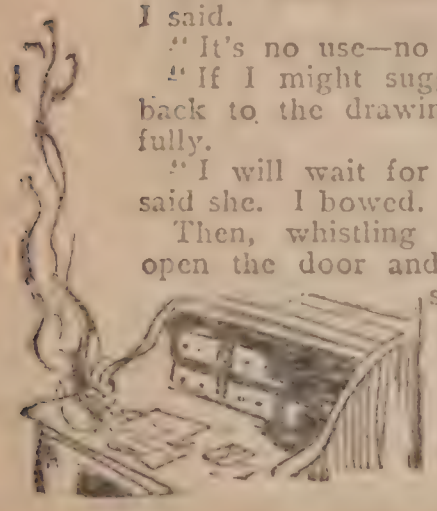
But I stood irresolutely. "I'm going in," I said.

"It's no use—no use——"

"If I might suggest that you should go back to the drawing-room," I said respectfully.

"I will wait for you here—five minutes," said she. I bowed.

Then, whistling a light refrain, I threw open the door and entered with hand outstretched.



"Hullo, George," said I. Swiftly he covered with a blotting-pad some old letters he was reading. "How are you?" said he weakly and awkwardly.

There was at least a week's growth of beard upon his face. That he had not had his proper rest was plain to the most casual observer. His hand when he held—one cannot say grasped—mine was very hot and damp.

"I was reading some old letters," he said, "dear old Fritton's letters . . ."

"George," said I, "I've come down for a quiet week-end, and I'm going to be of service for you. . . . Your desk, George, is in a disgraceful muddle——"

I heard a deep sigh as of approbation outside on the landing.

"Ha!"—George's tone was quite that of a maniac—"I know you want to rob me—to rob me of these letters, his letters. . . . Why, look at the portrait! Would you burn them in front of his very eyes? . . . Ah, you would. . . . *She* would. But nothing shall come between my friend and me. . . . *Nothing* shall!" He seemed to be addressing the portrait now.

He helped himself liberally from a decanter of brandy and raised his glass: "To dear old Ernest Fritton," he cried crazily, "who lives always in the memory of his friend!" He drained the glass while I watched, fascinated.

He lurched up to me.

"She's put you up to *this*!" he said. "But I tell you, man, no damned woman is before my friend!"

I heard a little smothered cry in the corridor and the rustling of silk as of a woman hurrying away. . . . Also, I caught the note of a piteous wailing sob. The next moment George tottered uncertainly and fell upon the floor, thus bringing upon William, the butler, the first piece of real work he had had for years—that of helping me to carry George to his room in the new wing.

* * * * * * *

We watched. A little of "the hair of the dog that bit him" had the required effect upon George. William replaced the cork in the brandy bottle and wiped the tea-spoon. "He's coming to, now," said he.

George opened his eyes, and there was a calmer expression on his face. "What the deuce"—he began. Then his glance rested upon me. I was looking at him over the end of the half-tester bedstead.

"Well, what are you doing here," he asked me, "and where are the rest of the chaps?"

"Look here, George," said I, "the quieter you keep the better——"

"But where's Fritton?"

"Oh, hang it, man! You know your bachelor days are gone. Can't you remember what you said on the night? 'Gentlemen, this telegram decides that, for me at least, bachelor days are no more.'"

George scratched his head.

"Of course, Fritton's not here, is he? He's dead, eh? That telegram said so."

I nodded my head. George felt for his collar and his hand brushed against his chin.

"Good Lord," said he, "but I've been some days without a shave."

He rose from the bed and attempted to pull himself together.

"William," said he, "my shaving water."

"Yes, sir." William departed, glad enough to go I am willing to warrant. If George Denny had asked for a basket of peaches, and it was early spring, his answer would have been the same.

George opened a drawer in the dressing-table and came upon a collection of chiffons and such frippery as women wear. Then he favoured me with an eloquent glance.

"There's a woman in the house," said he. "And this isn't my room."

"In addition to the maid servants," said I, "your *wife's* in the house—though God knows where."

"Wife! Oh, God!—yes! Ellen——"

"Ellen Denny," said I.

"Ellen Denny," he echoed vaguely.

William returned with the shaving paratus. I took upon myself the liberty waiting while he completed his toilet. On mantelpiece the clock was ticking into small hours. George had completed the operation when I heard a hurried shuffling along the passage. It was William, the butler, entered puffing and panting.

"The missus—" he said, gasping, "in Fritton's room—set light to some papers—room is burnin'—burnin'!"

Some sense seemed to glimmer in the brain of George. Together we rushed along the darksome corridor into the old wing. Smoke was already issuing from Fritton's room.

"My wife," said George, suddenly, "where is she?"

"In there," the butler choked.

"And you stand gaping here!" George cried, and dashed into the belching smoke.

Within a minute he was out again, leading Mrs. Denny, who was looking more picturesque than ever in braided brown velvet kimono, and a fainting condition.

* * * * * * *

The local fire brigade and the farm servants between them saved the new wing from destruction. With the money received from the unfortunate insurance company concerned George Denny very sensibly bought an excellent motor-car, and rightly employed a jerry builder to patch up the ancient fabric's work and restore the old wing to its original outline beyond such repairs as were necessary in order to exclude the winds that blow over Gorton Heath.

Thus poor Fritton's room is no more, and the renewing of the charred remains of the portrait which was discovered amid the debris would puzzle even the most expert of Old Master renovators.

Moreover, since that burning, no messenger personally addressed envelope has winged into limitless space.

CARE OF A BILLIARD TABLE.

Few of us are the happy owners of a full-sized billiard table, but lots of men have three-quarter or half-sized tables, and these require just as much attention as the more splendid article if you are to get full enjoyment out of them.

A billiard table should never be exposed to extremes of heat and cold. Sixty degrees is the best temperature for the billiard-room, and it should never be allowed to drop below 56 degrees.

Many people imagine that the cloth should always be brushed with the nap, but this is a mistake. It should be brushed first against the nap—that is, from the "spot" towards baulk end, and then in the opposite direction with the nap. Finally apply the finishing touch by putting a cloth over the brush and brushing it with this *with* the nap.

Once a week is often enough to iron the cloth. The iron should never be placed on fire or stove unless enclosed in its "shoe." The heat should be about the same as that for ironing linen.

Unlike brushing, ironing is always done with the nap, the iron being held sideways, from cushion towards cushion, and drawn in straight lines down the table. On no account should the iron be drawn against the nap or across the table.

Cushions should *not* be ironed.

Ivory balls require careful attention. It is well to keep a new set a month or so in the box before using them, so as to let them get "seasoned."

They may be cleaned by breathing on them and then rubbing with a clean cloth; but, if very dirty, they may be washed in fairly warm soapy and water.

They should never be washed in cold water, and they should never be left in the pockets, or kept near a fire.

On Being a Father

SHOWING ITS RESPONSIBILITIES AND ITS POSSIBLE JOYS.

When a man first becomes a father he must be possessed of a particularly stodgy temperament if he is not conscious of sensations of wonder and awe.

It is all very well to talk of the marvellous laws of nature, their immutability and so on, but one must in a manner have personal experience of them properly to realise them.

For example, a man can rarely comprehend death until he has seen a fellow-creature die, and even more rarely can he bring himself to believe that he too will inevitably die. It says much for the limitations of the human mind when one reflects that the greatest fact of all life—which, paradoxically, is death—is one that we resolutely decline to accept.

Similarly, when we have attained mature manhood it is almost grotesque to imagine that we were once helpless infants, smiling fatly in response to unintelligible flattery, or yelling unconsciously when a face failed to please us, let the coaxer cajole never so prettily. We must see the infant which is something of ourselves, separately alive, to be able even dimly to grasp that mystery.

A SON'S HOMAGE.

It has been said by a serious thinker that the father bears the child in his soul as the woman carries it in her body. There must be much truth in this, else were parenthood a sanctity confined only to the mother.

Nevertheless the child in its physical being belongs more to the mother in early years for reasons too obvious to need mentioning.

It is when the character of the youngster is in process of definite formation that the father's opportunity comes.

I am speaking of the case when the child is a boy. The relationship between father and daughter and father and son is so oddly different in many ways that it would require more space than I have at my disposal to enumerate them. So I restrict myself just now to one-half of the subject.

Presumably it can safely be assumed that the father sees in the potential man desires to see fulfilled the things which he has failed to fulfil himself. Many men are afflicted with ambition without their talent, but this bitter disappointment can be alleviated if in their offspring the necessary talent buds forth.

The *camaraderie*, too, between father and growing son is, when it exists, one of the most pleasant things in life. A man will never get such sincere and unstinted homage paid to him as when he makes a comrade of his young son—never, unless it be from a dog; for, indeed, the admiration of the boy is dog-like in its fidelity and dumb admiration.

AN OPEN-AIR BOND.

I remember when I was a youngster the ecstatic feeling gave me to be taken out by my dad for long days and initiated into the mysteries of birds'-nesting, of fishing, yea, even of poaching. I know now that he re-lived the delights of his childhood in my delight.

Not that expressions of the delight came uppermost. No; there was simply that quiet sense of understanding, of confidence, of sure affection, of growing-up to one who knew and was sport enough to tell.

There was an intimacy also, which belonged oddly to the open air and solitude. Once back in the house it was not mentioned, almost as though we were ashamed of it.

But it was not shame. Men are shy to speak of things that mean much to them, and boys even more so.

Let us leave this autobiographical mood. You, no doubt, have similar memories, and no doubt, too, they stand out as landmarks in your memories. If you are not a father, when you become one it will be good to have such times over again.

You will be guilty of much egotism, for surely it is egotism to welcome and enjoy silent praise that you know you don't deserve, but it will be egotism most pardonable and most sweet.

What is lamentable is that many fathers of sons miss these privileges of fatherhood. They are impatient, irritable, self-centred, misanthropic. They curb where they should encourage, snub where they should sympathise, withhold where they should share.

Particularly is this noticeable in what we may call the mawkish age of the son, and at that age also it is more dangerous.

LINKING PAST AND FUTURE.

For youth is both the critical and impressionable period, when *your* faults are apt to be subjected to merciless scrutiny, and *your* character measured and found wanting.

The duties of father to son and son to father, though they may vary in kind, are equal in quality.

If the son have that sure confidence which is based on former companionship and affection, be sure that the father's character will bear the test of criticism and the father's influence upon his life be lasting. And then ultimately there will come that rock-like friendship than which there is nothing better in a shifting life.

The father of a son who has become a man, the man who has bred a man, has done a great thing, a thing in regard to which he cannot foresee the end. For just as he has acted as the link between the past and the future, so that future is as eternal as the past; and by such process what he is himself becomes perpetual.

C. WOLFF.

MEN'S CLUBS.

You'll often hear a man talk about some "very jolly club" of which the subscription is only half-a-crown a quarter or so, and you find yourself dimly wondering how it can be done.

But it is very easy to understand when you take into consideration the fact that such a club in nine cases out of ten has only one room, over a shop or restaurant, where some twenty or thirty men meet on perhaps one day in the week, to spend a few hours of conviviality and good fellowship.

There is much to be said for such an institution, for to hard-worked business-men who have not the time, no doubt, for much recreation, mental or physical, they offer an opportunity of "taking themselves out of themselves" as the saying is, through periodical companionship with jovial good fellows who are not connected with their particular business firm, and who are not in the least likely to "talk shop." It is strange that such clubs are not more numerous. But if men knew how easy and how cheap they are to promote, it is probable that they would be found in as great numbers as blackberries in September.

ANGLING ARTIFICE.

SOME DEVICES ESPECIALLY DEADLY TO DIFFERENT FISH.

Men talk glibly of the angler's art—the words are spoken by non-fishermen sometimes with just a touch of satire—but only the expert angler, who knows every lure and device that has resulted from centuries of loving study and careful experiment, fully realises how deservedly the word "art" is applied to angling.

For not only must a man know the requisites of a rod and line, or how to cast a fly, or bait a hook; he must have studied the particular characteristics of different fish, and devised various ways of turning this study to account.

The chub is instructive in this respect, for he has an individual habit which is sedulously exploited by the artful angler. Chub display a marked partiality for portions of river banks which are overhung with bushes, and in such spots they may often be seen lying quite still under the overhanging leaves, waiting patiently for any insect that may drop. So that the most successful way of taking chub is by "dibbing," to use the fisherman's term, with live beetles or cockchafers.

Creep up as quietly as possible, taking care not to allow either yourself or your shadow to be seen, to the bushes from which you intend fishing. Use a fairly stiff rod, and reel up all of your line except just enough to touch the water. Twist that short piece round the end of your rod, so that by turning the latter round the line will unwind again.

Bait your hook with your live beetle, and then, passing the end of your rod through the bushes, allow the bait to drop gently into the water. And if you are skilful enough to let it drop from leaf to leaf, so much the better. If there is a chub anywhere about you will not have much trouble in hooking him.

If you are out for salmon, it is not advisable to choose a stretch of water which has recently been used for bathing, for we have it on the authority of the late Frank Buckland that salmon possess a great power of smell. Says he, "The fish has, in fact, a nose made for smelling in the water, not a nose made for smelling in the air." So that for salmon scented baits are often useful.

Apropos of the king of river fish, most of us know his irritating way, when hooked, of subsiding to the bottom of the river and sulking for a considerable time. Here is a good dodge for use in such cases.

Have with you a small leaden disc, with a hole in the centre, and a small incision through to the edge. Slip this on to your line, gently squeeze the opening of the disc so as to close it up, and let it slide from your line. In most cases the contact of the lead with the salmon's snout will be enough to rouse the fish once again into action.

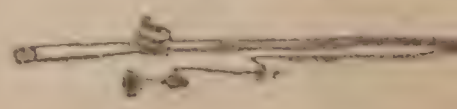
When fishing for pike, always bear in mind his "dog-in-the-manger" character. If you have been casting once or twice without success, make another cast either to the left or right and further out. And when drawing your bait from the water, do it slowly. If the fish sees the bait escaping him, possibly to be snapped up by another finny epicure, he will very likely be prompted to bolt it, even though he may be "dead off his feed."

For barbel, the "swim" should always be well ground-baited overnight. An excellent way of doing this is to put a good many lob-worms in a lump of clay, and drop them into the water you propose fishing. They will work their way out gradually, and will last longer than if they had been simply dropped in, to be floated away.

When bottom fishing always remember that the bait should be in advance of the float; otherwise the shot which is keeping the bait on the bottom will strike the fish's nose; and this, naturally enough, will arouse all his worst suspicions.

A good tip to remember, in conclusion, no matter what fish you are after, is that the thicker the water, the larger will be the size of the bait required. This is especially the case when fishing with flies.

GEO. GROVE.



"TOMMY" AND THE HANGMAN.

SOME LIGHT ON ARMY CRIME AND PENALTIES.

In a recent case against a Territorial charged with striking his superior officer, it was stated that the punishment for this offence in the Regular Army is death.

This was both correct and incorrect. Violence, or offering violence, to a superior officer, is at all times a serious military offence, but only in special circumstances is it punishable by the utmost penalty of the law.

The precise wording of the Army Act in regard to this class of offence is as follows:

"Every person subject to military law who commits any of the following offences, that is to say: Strikes or uses or offers any violence to his superior officer, being in the execution of his office, shall on conviction by court-martial be liable to suffer death, or such less punishment as is in this Act mentioned."

Here everything turns on the words "in the execution of his office."

Roughly speaking, an officer (or N.C.O.) is always in the execution of his office. The fact that an officer was in plain clothes when assaulted would not necessarily save the offender, though the prosecution would have to prove that he *knew* he was assaulting his superior officer.

In regard to "offering violence," the offender must have been capable of carrying out his threat at the time, if he is to be charged under this section.

A soldier who steps up to a superior and says: "You blighter, I'm going to punch your head," but is seized before he can do so, has clearly "offered violence," and is liable to death. On the other hand a prisoner confined in guard-room cells who threatens a passing superior through the bars of the window has not offered violence, though he can be punished for his insubordination.

There are other offences besides violence for which a soldier may be shot or hanged in time of peace. Murder, of course, is one, but as a rule a soldier charged with murder would be handed over to the civil power, military law not being intended to usurp the law of the land.

Treason is at all times punishable with death, but here again the accused would probably be tried by civil power.

Mutiny and sedition, however, are more or less purely military offences, and the full penalty for them would be ordered by a general court-martial. An offender may be sentenced to death for mutiny or sedition, even although he has not been guilty of any actual act of mutiny or sedition. It is enough in the eyes of military law if, having knowledge of an intended act of mutiny or sedition, he fails at once to inform the authorities.

Treason, murder, mutiny, sedition, and violence to a superior under the conditions described exhaust the list of offences for which a soldier may suffer death in time of peace, but there are many military crimes which are punishable by death on active service and on active service only.

Anything in the nature of treachery meets with instant doom in time of war, and cowardice exposes the unhappy poltroon to the hangman's rope or the firing party's bullets.

A soldier sentenced to death is either shot or hanged, the former method being reserved for offences not necessarily of a disgraceful nature, as for example, sleeping on sentry-go, when a man might have the excuse of great fatigue, but it is considered necessary to make an example of him.

Popular superstition has it that in the case of a firing-party only one rifle is loaded with ball cartridge, so that none may know who fired the fatal shot, but this is nonsense.

Apart from the cruelty of exposing the prisoner to the chance of being missed, a soldier could instantly tell whether he had used ball or blank. Every rifle is loaded, and, so far as possible, "dead shots" are chosen.

KENNETH BARKEI, *Captain.*

O.H.M.S

MY NOTEBOOK.

JEWS. A Manchester reader with whom I have corresponded for some time sends me the following letter.

I ought to mention, by the way, a fact or two about him. He is, for one thing, a Jew, and he has upbraided me on more than one occasion for certain articles which he considered to be anti-Semitic. I am always amused when I receive a protest of this character, for I have not the faintest prejudice against Jews. Frequently I do business with them, for there are few departments of commerce into which they have not forced an entrance, and I am proud to say that I number several Jews amongst my personal friends.

I ought to mention also that he is one of the best boxers in Lancashire, and that he figured as one of the competitors in the boxing contest at our last Olympic Games.

AN ADVENTURE. "A little adventure happened to me one day last week," he says, "and I am anxious to know what you would have done under the same circumstances. Don't finesse about your reply; tell me straight; did I do the right thing or not?

"I am in the habit of going to a certain café in one of the principal streets of Manchester almost every afternoon when I have finished work, which is generally about five o'clock.

"I have of late noticed a man who appears to me to be about four-and-twenty, stout built, standing about five feet eight or nine, ogling the different girls that come along. Some take it all right, but others don't.

"There happened to be two young ladies whom I knew pretty well in the café last week, and I'm damned if the bounder wasn't throwing pieces of sugar at them. I got up quietly, went to the young ladies, and asked them if they knew the man. They said they did not, and they looked very much upset.

"Personally, I detest a scene, but something had to be done, so I went nice and quietly up to the table where the youth sat, with two others of very much the same kidney, and I asked him if he knew the young ladies he was throwing sugar at. He said he didn't.

"'Then why can't you mind your own business?' said I.

"'I only wanted to know the name of the book she's got,' was his reply, as he looked me up and down a bit sheepishly.

"'Well,' I said, 'in future leave young ladies you don't know alone. If you don't and I happen to know the young ladies, I'll teach you how to do it.'

"He had nothing to say in reply, so I went back to my seat.

"The following day I was there again, and he and a pugnacious pal with him eyed me very hard, but that's about as far as they got. I expect he brought the pugnacious pal with him to chastise me, but probably he thought I was a bit too big to tackle. I wish they'd done or said something; I'd have had them both (by invitation) in the Manchester Boxing Club very soon, as it's only about two hundred yards from the café."

AN OPINION. It is very difficult for me to say "Yes" or "No" to my correspondent's definite inquiry, as to whether in my opinion he did right. For my own part I detest publicity in any shape or form, hence the fact that I always sign myself "Your Editor" at the bottom of this column instead of putting my own name.

I am always game for a scrap, provided it is not likely to get into the papers, but I have the greatest admiration for a man who is ready to stick up for what he believes in, even if it does mean a police-court case. Trouble of that sort certainly threatened my correspondent, and I congratulate him on the line he took, especially as he happens to be a man of standing in the commercial world of Manchester.

I imagine that most of us have come a... one time or another a silly bounder who ... about with girls in the manner indicated in ... letter. Sometimes one of the girls to whom ... thus introduces himself, marries him, and the ... punishment is complete.

Possibly I may be wrong—if so, you must ... for personal bias—but I imagine that the av... man of the marrying age is courteous and ... ful to all women, while he works for one. ... man who can flirt with several is a person ... I have never been able to understand.

FRIENDSHIP AND MARRIAGE. Elsewhere in this number ... a story which, to my mind, is ... of the most powerful that I ... ever read. The title is "A ... his friend, and his wife," and it deals ... problem of whether a man can remain on the ... of friendly terms with his men friends after ... marriage.

For my own part I sincerely trust that such ... condition is possible. I am writing these notes ... my study at home, and on the couch ... opposite wall there rest three framed ... which were given to me yesterday by a ... mine, who was about to be married.

He informed me that his prospective wife ... very definite views as to the pictures that should ... ornament a house. He had arranged for the ... placing of his 'Varsity photographs in his ... abode, but there were three pictures that ... decorated his room in London that were ... rently barred by feminine criticism from ... in the new home.

Two were photogravures; one was a ... colour copy of a Turner. He asked me whether ... I should like to have them. For many months ... past they had ornamented the digs I knew ... well, and long before they had hung in his ... at Rugby.

A WELCOME BURDEN. I carried them home with me, ... them to the station in London, ... carried them from the station in ... country to my house. They were bulky and awk... ward and heavy, but under the circumstances ... there seemed to be a subtle satisfaction in ... ing their weight. I did not for a moment think ... taking a cab, although there were many in readi... ness at the station.

I believe that the Salmon, Gluckstein, ... Lyons families—all Jews—foster the family ... instinct even more than do most Hebrews, and ... have heard that the chief endeavour of the ... united families is to get the young men of ... marry early.

"If a man is married early," said one of ... to me, "he thinks of nothing beyond home and ... money-making, and that is what we want."

Although I admit the virtues of the Jews, I am ... still proud to write myself a Briton, and I ... that the man who gave me these pictures will ... time in matrimony to remember other things ... home and money-making. I hope he will remember his old friends.

DEAR POSSESSIONS. I shall regard these pictures as ... of my dearest possessions. I shall ... them, and on the same couch, ... the first riding whip that I bought on joining the ... "King's Own." I have been using it for a ... considerable time now, and the silken end is ... out. I shall be taking it to-morrow to have it ... fitted with a fresh end. The whip itself is beaten ... several places, for it has been trodden on more ... than once, and the butt with the regimental crest ... of the "King's Own" has been dented, and also ... dulled with the ammoniated atmosphere of the ... stable.

That also I regard as one of my dearest possessions. I possess swankier whips, but that was the ... first in which I took genuine pride, and I should ... be very sorry to lose it.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

A DAY'S RACING.

SOME HINTS THAT WILL MAKE FOR COMFORT AND ENJOYMENT.

A day's racing! The man in whom the sound of the words does not awaken a thrill of excitement must be strangely conditioned indeed. For the crowds that throng our racecourses throughout the flat-racing season, at meetings great and small, tell us how truly the Sport of Kings is also that of the People.

The man who contends that betting is the primary reason of the thronged courses is only in a measure right. There are thousands of men—hard toilers in unpleasant places—who go to the course, and take their women'olk with them, solely to enjoy a day's holiday in the midst of life [illegible] event, and yet on rolling downs or far-reaching meads, under an open sky.

But it is not everybody who knows really how to enjoy such a day. There are many little considerations, disregarded by most men, which contribute to the pleasure of a day's racing, and some of these may be touched upon here.

For instance, every man who has done much racegoing knows the inconveniences consequent upon travelling to the course in the later trains. Most of the higher-priced carriages are reserved, and the man who, by inclination or necessity, travels third-class has to crowd in with a great many people who are objectionable even to the most easy-going of mortals. So that a good tip is to go down very early indeed—say, at about nine o'clock—and wait until the racecourse enclosures open. Lovers of Nature will in this way be afforded the opportunity for a highly enjoyable country ramble.

Don't forget to take a return ticket. Even if you don't bet there are many other ways of losing your money on a racecourse. And, what is more, keep as close a look-out on your "return-half" as you do on your other possessions, for there are many light-fingered gentry, dogged by consistent ill-luck, and with a long walk to London staring them, metaphorically, in the face, who will be watching their opportunity of relieving you of it.

The "bookie's runner" is a man to be avoided. The sensible object in life is to keep his master interested in the fluctuations of the other bookmakers' prices; but he tries as far as possible to combine business with pleasure by making himself as unobjectionable as he can to quiet racegoers.

But however angry you may be remember that discretion is distinctly the better part of valour, and don't be led into a row. In nine cases out of ten he is an old-time pugilist of some kind, and in any case he will always find four or five pals to testify that you were the aggressor.

Now, as to betting, it is neither our purpose nor business to advise men as to whether they should bet or not. It is entirely their own business. One man bets and another man doesn't. Good luck to both. But it is the wise man who makes half a crown or so his limit.

After all, the real fun of a bet lies in the additional interest it imparts to the race; and to a reasonable man this is as great whether he has six-pence on or a fiver.

Take a flask of whisky-and-water with you, a flask with a top that forms a drinking cup for preference, and have a packet of sandwiches in your pocket, too. The sandwiches you get in the bars on the course are as a rule execrable. There is nothing much to be said in favour of the beer either. Besides, the prices charged are by no means suggestive of philanthropy.

Finally it is a very wise precaution to give the last race a "miss in baulk." The reason for this is that the surge of thousands of people to the gates at the close of the day is always taken advantage of by the "boys" and other members of the genus Hooligan to investigate as many pockets as possible.

And by missing the last race one avoids riding home in a train overcrowded to the pitch of [illegible].

A. GORDON.

SPORTING STORIES

SLIGHTLY IN ERROR.

They had been practising, he and she, for some time, and at last they thought they were sufficiently proficient in thought-reading to give an exhibition of it to some of their friends.

"Two souls with but a single thought" was a very nice sort of idea to be spread about and fostered, seeing that they were going to get married shortly.

As their friends watched, he blindfolded her and went to the other end of the room.

He borrowed a cigarette case from somebody and dropped it on the floor.

"What did I do then?" he asked, and she informed him that he had dropped a cigarette case.

The little boy of the house where the entertainment was taking place produced from some unknown region his little saw and a piece of wood, and he invited the young man to saw it. The young man placed it on the end of the table and sawed vigorously.

"What am I doing?" he asked.

"Singing," replied the medium.

They have dropped thought-reading now.

HIS BAKER'S DOZEN.

The job of being a father was in this particular case not a very happy one, for he had thirteen to be a father to.

He was taking them down to the seaside, and on reaching the booking office he said, "Fourteen for Brighton."

The booking clerk pushed his head out of the pigeon-hole and looked him up and down.

"What have you been doing?" he asked.

"I have been doing nothing," replied the man who was getting tired of being a father.

"Then why is this crowd following you?" asked the booking clerk.

UNPALATABLE TRUTH.

The navvy fixed up some metal standards in the roadway and hitched a rope from one to the other. Then he rolled up his sleeves and started to work with his pick and shovel. He had the self-satisfied air of a man who is on a job that will take months.

The inquisitive person with the long nose and spectacles came along.

"What are you digging for?" asked the inquisitive person.

"Money," said the navvy.

"When do you expect to come upon it?" continued the inquisitive person.

"Saturday," said the navvy.

SWEET SIMPLICITY.

She was a charming little girl, and she had just returned with nurse from a morning's bathe in the sea with other children.

"And were they little boys or girls who bathed with you?" her proud mother asked.

"I couldn't tell, mummy dear," she innocently replied, "'cos, you see, we all had our clothes off."

EXERCISING DOGS.

SOME USEFUL TIPS.

No dog will remain in excellent health and good spirits unless he gets exercise daily in the open air.

A very general and most objectionable feature in petted dogs is their exceeding corpulency. They are fat beyond all comfort, either to themselves or their owners, and the surroundings of such dogs are invariably unsanitary. By judicious feeding and the avoidance of objectionable foods, no dog need become oppressively fat.

But the greatest and most beneficial of all corrections is exercise, daily if possible.

The best conditioned of all dogs, as a rule, are foxhounds which are regularly hunted, sporting dogs which are regularly in covert or on the moor, and the useful collie which is daily at work on the hills.

We may all admire the intelligence and affection of dogs, but their value is immensely enhanced by regular exercise. The most short-lived dogs are those encouraged to be lazy. Many of them drop off suddenly, at quite early ages, when ample exercise and fresh air would have carried them briskly into their teens.

The best of all exercise is long walks. Few are restricted from indulging in such, if the inclination is present. If a cold bath in pool or stream is indulged in, no harm will be done. It is bracing, and a dog that takes cheerfully to water is ever a prime favourite.

A very common way of keeping dogs is to tie them beside their kennel. This, being in the open air, is immensely in their favour. They do not lack for exercise either, as they are frequently on the move, but tethering does not keep them happy, and, although they are less in need of exercise than the room-kept dog, they greatly relish a run off the chain.

Attaching the chain to a long wire and allowing them to scamper from one end to the other is an excellent plan. In returning from exercise, dogs are often wet and dirty. They should not be washed daily, but should be groomed by brushing, rubbing, and drying, not before a fire, but by the active application of elbow grease.

BERNARD G. BROWN.

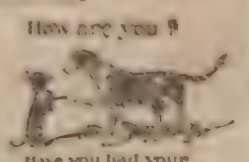
YOUR DOGS WILL COST YOU LESS
when fed regularly on
MOLASSINE DOG CAKES

A well-known gentleman writes: "For seven or eight months past I have used your Dog Cakes for my sporting dogs, and have found the dogs healthier and in better order than with any other cakes I have used, and, as compared with other makes of Dog Cakes, I find two-thirds the quantity give better results, so that they cost me less in use."

MOLASSINE DOG & PUPPY CAKES, HOUND FOOD, TERRIER FOOD, & PUPPY MEAL

ARE DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS, being HEALTH-GIVING, HEALTH-RESTORING, WORM-ERADICATING, preventing unpleasant odours, besides having A MARVELLOUS EFFECT ON THE COATS.

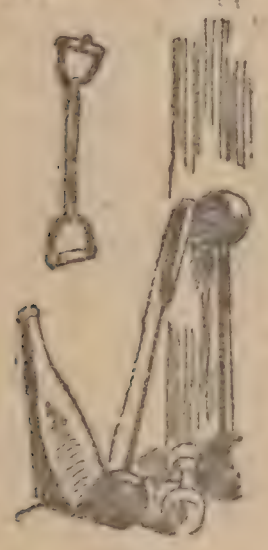
MOLASSINE POULTRY MEAL makes hens lay.



Have you had your MOLASSINE DOG CAKE?

Sold by all Grocers, Stores, &c., and
THE MOLASSINE COMPANY, LTD.
3, Tunnel Avenue, Greenwich, S.E.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

BRACES.

If we could all do away with braces in our dress we should be a long way nearer fitness than we are. Braces are, to me, an invention of the devil for keeping a man not only uncomfortable, which is a great drawback in itself, but really unfit.

Many men I know discard them entirely except for evening dress when safety and the minor nicceties of appearance are demanded. As a rule, braces act as cramping and tiresome chains over chest and shoulders.

To a man with even a slight inclination to a stoop they are fatal. He is bound beneath them, and their pull ever tends to make his shoulders round. To the man who is strong in the shoulder and upright as a pillar they may be nothing worse than uncomfortable.

But even to such men it is a nuisance to have to keep throwing out one's chest in order to assure oneself that the pull of the braces is not having its bad effect. And this constant strife between braces and chest tends to disarrange one's shirt and collar and coat and all the rest of one's clothes.

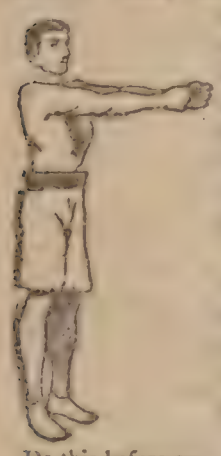
It is not difficult for a well-developed man to discard braces if he has his trousers made and fitted with this object.

And when you have thrown them aside, what freedom! How your arms swing! You feel twice as active!

FOR LUNGS, CHEST, AND SHOULDERS.

Stand erect with the feet slightly separated and the arms extended absolutely straight in front of the chest, with the fists lightly closed.

Now swing the arms sharply upwards and backwards so that they circle over the head and are forced back until the backs of the hands are almost touching. As you open out the chest and force the shoulder-blades together, inhale strongly and fill the lungs with all the air they can hold. At the same time rise on tip-toe, sinking on to your heels again as the arms have passed over the head.



Do this before an open window.

Pause a second with the lungs expanded and the arms behind the back, and then relax the shoulders and turn the arms until they hang loosely at the sides again, and exhale as you do so.

Then repeat the exercise from the beginning, making the moving of the hands backwards and over the head as smart and sharp as possible.

This exercise, if practised several times in succession, morning and evening, will not only develop the chest and tend to straighten the back, but will have a most beneficial effect on the lungs.

Be careful, however, that the air you breathe is pure, and stand, if possible, before an open window when exercising.

GOING UP HILL—BACKWARDS.

Walking is, of course, so much a part of our daily lives that we are apt to forget that it is also one of Nature's finest physical exercises.

Man was, I believe, primarily intended to keep himself fit by work, and the normal exercise involved in its performance; but to-day we have to keep up an endless crusade against the drawbacks of civilisation as they affect physical condition. Hence the necessity for regular courses, such as are given here each week.

Walking in itself is a health-giving exercise. That is a commonplace. But by a little ingenuity it can be made to yield much more than ordinary advantage, and one of the little tricks I would urge upon athletes is to do a little regular walking backwards and up-hill.

After centuries of normal walking the bodily power and structure we inherit are modified according to their commonest purposes. Muscles become fixed or flexible according to the use made of them.

The muscles that are called into being by walking backwards are very seldom called upon. Hence they have grown idle and unwilling to work without crying out.

When out for your walks, therefore, just turn your back to the hill and go up it, however steep, with your face to the valley.

You will very soon become aware—almost painfully aware—that you have some stiff and untrained muscles all up your legs and back.

Persevere with this exercise. It will bring you out in perspiration perhaps, but it will wake up many dormant muscles. Moreover, it will subject the body to strains and tensions that it seldom feels, and in thus exercising you can give a better tone to the whole system.

How many people can run backwards faster than a mere hobble? Yet it ought to be possible to get up a good speed. It's good fun, too.

ELEMENTARY GYMNASTICS.

The exercise here illustrated is one of the elementary ones of free gymnastics, and though it will require some little practice, it will not prove very difficult to attain this position, which is known to the gymnast as the "hand stand."

A back and arm developer.

To begin with, the tendency will be to throw the feet too far over, so that it will be advisable to have a wall to prevent this catastrophe.

Place the hands on the ground and extend the body at right angles to the wall with only hands and feet touching the floor. The head should be about eighteen inches away from the wall.

Now throw up the feet smartly until they go sufficiently far over the head, in the position of the sketch, to enable you to keep your balance.

At first the soles of your feet will probably fetch up with a bang against the wall, for like all matters of balance it cannot be achieved perfectly at the beginning.

When once you begin to feel steady on your arms, try the hand stand without the aid of the wall.

When you have reached proficiency in this, it will be time to try and lower the body by bending the arms, until you actually touch the floor with your face.

This can only be done by a man possessed of unusual strength in the arms. It is advisable, therefore, at first to practise on a mattress or soft rug, and with a clear space all round you.

The hand stand will exercise the whole body, but especially the arms and back.

EXERCISE IN SPRING.

There is no season of the year in which constant physical exercise is so necessary as in spring. For many reasons this is so.

For one thing men have, for the most part, been spending the winter in towns, absorbing into their lungs more than their fair share of impure air, and thus vitiating their blood, which after all is the foundation on which every strong man is built.

We eat and drink and live more unhealthily in winter than in any other season, and by the time spring comes round we are by no means at our best. Our lungs need the fresh new air to drive out the fumes of the town's atmosphere and to help the system to get rid of all the superfluous and unhealthy things we have absorbed.

Moreover, there is in human beings, just as there is in trees and all other parts of the vegetable kingdom, an awakening of some mysterious sort that puts a quicker pace into the blood stream and tends to make us more fully alive.

If these sensations are opposed by sluggishness and indifference we run to disorders and blotchiness. The blood, uncleansed by vigorous breathing induced by greater activity of the body, gets weak, and we grow flabby.

The instinct that a man has to "go out and kill something" on a fine spring morning has its roots very deep down in the laws of our well-being, and to neglect it is to oppose Nature. And in opposing Nature we always lose in the end. Nature can and does wait a long time for revenge. But it has the last laugh—and the longest.

A NEW HEALTH RESORT.

Many people who have for health's sake been in the habit of staying a few days at Brighton or some other well-known health resort are now resorting to a systematic course of physical culture with splendid results. It must be borne in mind that a trip to the seaside involves absence from business and is also rather a costly proceeding, one disadvantage being that if recruited in health by special diet and change of air, one immediately returns to the old mode of life, and therefore "cures" at hygienic institutes, &c., may never be regarded as permanent.

The advantage of the physical culture treatment is that it is *home* treatment—it is cheap and beneficial for all time. It affords one daily relaxation from the thousand and one worries of everyday life (it is impossible to worry when one is exercising). Of course, an experiment in this direction by any individual is not likely to yield the same results as systematic exercise carefully arranged and prescribed by an expert to suit individual needs and requirements, and in this connection those interested are urged to write to Mr. Thomas Inch, Physical Culture Expert, Dept. M.M., The Broadway, Fulham, London, S.W., who will be pleased to forward gratis, on mention of MODERN MAN being made, his two instructive and interesting treatises, "Health at Home" and "The Inch System Up to Date" (illustrated), with terms for his course of home training by post. Mr. Inch's successes have warranted the issuing of a guarantee to return fee paid in case of non-success

THE above is a reduced copy of our book cover—the book that is free for the asking and causing a sensation — describes the system that adds 50 per cent. to lifting and wrestling ability and muscular development—and the system that is cheap, pleasant, and certain, and the method infallible with the help of the world's leading athletes aided by the greatest authorities.

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SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF LOCOMOTOR ATAXY.

AMAZING NERVE POWER OF LECITHIN,

NATURE'S POWERFUL & INDISPENSABLE NERVE NUTRIENT & TONIC.

Victory over incurable Nerve Disease supplies convincing proof that Lecithin must needs constitute the only salvation in the Treatment of all Nervous Affections.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

HEARTY WELCOME BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Medical men have long realised that the man or woman with a weakened nervous system can only recoup lost energy by supplying the nerves with the only Nerve Force yielding Food Element essential to their well-being—just as a half-starved person can only regain physical energy from nutritive food; but, until recently, it was impossible to order a sufferer to assimilate a sufficient quantity of this "elixir of nerve-youth," as even the most nutritive of foods yields but a small percentage of this indispensable nerve-support.

LECITHIN—THE "EXTRACT OF LIFE."

Lecithin alone will supply the Brain and Nerves with the nourishment they require, and as this is only found in infinitesimal quantities in such strengthening foods as eggs, milk, etc., it can readily be seen that the nervous man or woman would require the stomach of an army to fortify the weakened nerve-cells by means of everyday foods.

Fortunately, an eminent physician—Dr. Hartmann—was not contented with the manner in which the medical profession had been treating cases of Neurasthenia, and his discovery of the only Nerve Food—viz., "Antineurasthin"—has completely revolutionised the treatment of cases of Insomnia, Depression, Melancholia, Loss of Will Power, Defective Memory, Dizziness, etc., which are all caused by an exhausted condition of the nervous system.

A CURE AT LAST.

"Antineurasthin" contains an astonishing percentage of Lecithin—nearly 10 per cent.—a remarkable amount of concentrated energy. This fact is conclusively proved by the increased feeling of health and strength—both of body and nerves—immediately this food is taken.

"Antineurasthin" is a Nerve Food only; it feeds the nervous system independently of the muscular system, and whereas ordinary food stays the appetite, "Antineurasthin" increases the appetite, so that it can be taken just before meals with the happiest results.

That the above remarks form a very modest estimate of the valuable properties of "Antineurasthin" is proved by the following testimony of the English Press. It is usually the case that any new preparation is looked upon with marked distrust by medical men, but the merits of "Antineurasthin" were so marked and so extraordinary—in fact, so essential to the life and well-being of the community at large—that this marvellous nerve nutrient has earned a world-wide reputation for its curative qualities in less than three years.

It has fallen to the lot of Dr. Koch, the well-known Physiologist, to establish magnificent results with "Lecithin" in Wasting Diseases. He has found that, when deprived of "Lecithin," the Human Organism will deposit lime in the tissues, which means that premature old age must needs be the consequence. Dr. Koch, on the other hand, has been able to reassure all those suffering from Physical and Nervous Debility, etc., that premature old age and senile decay can be warded off by the administration of the "Elixir of Life"—"Lecithin." This substance—apart from being the most powerful Nerve Tonifier and Health Restorer—also has a tendency to dissolve the limey deposits in the system, and thus produce that healthy condition of Mental, Nervous, and Physical Strength which bids fair to defy Nature, in spite of the perverted mode of modern living.

A Few Press Opinions.

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE.

. . . The benefits which thousands of Nervous Invalids have experienced from even a free trial supply constitutes one of the most remarkable of modern triumphs in the scientific world.

THE GLOBE.

. . . It is now proved beyond cavil that the discovery of Dr. Hartmann does supply in the only possible way the very food the Nerves require, and in circumstances and amounts which make for speedy and effective cure. . . .

THE DAILY NEWS.

. . . "Antineurasthin" is not a body and brain food combined; it is purely a brain and nerve food. . . .

THE OBSERVER.

. . . It should not be confounded with ordinary drugs or other stimulants. "Antineurasthin" is a natural nerve food which nourishes the brain (nervous system) independently of the body. . . .

THE FINANCIAL NEWS.

. . . The ideal nerve food. . . . A nerve food which fulfils all these requirements is "Antineurasthin." . . .

JOHN BULL.

. . . The question of medical support is quite a serious one, and it must be a source of great pleasure to the company to think that so many members of this most conservative profession have come forward to lend their moral assistance and practical recommendation to their wonderful product.

Eloquent Testimony to the remarkable Curative Power of Lecithin in the Treatment of Locomotor Ataxy, a Nerve Disease considered incurable.

London, S.E.
March 15, 1910.

Messrs. The Antineurasthin Co.,
10, Eastcheap, E.C.

Dear Sirs,

I feel that it is my duty to write and inform you of the great benefit I have received from "Antineurasthin." About three years ago I was suddenly seized with severe pains in my legs and was scarcely able to walk. Two physicians informed me, after careful examination, that I was suffering from "Locomotor Ataxy," and held out no hope of any cure, but could only expect a little palliation by careful diet and special exercises. About 18 months ago I saw the advertisement of your "Antineurasthin" in a daily paper, and seeing that it contained "Lecithin," which one of my doctors had told me would be beneficial for my complaint, I thought I would try a course of it, and almost from the first box I experienced a great and continued improvement. My pains left me, and I seemed to gain strength every day. Formerly I had suffered severely from depression, but this gradually gave way to a feeling of health and well-being, and I found my walking and power of balance greatly improved. Also my weight has increased from 10st. 9lbs. to 11st. 13lbs., which is most satisfactory. All my friends congratulate me on my great improvement in health and appearance, which has been most perceptible to anyone. I feel that, although not yet quite cured, I am well on the road to recovery, and shall certainly persevere with the treatment, as I would not be without "Antineurasthin" on any account, as I have such faith in it. The only treatment besides "Antineurasthin" that I have had during the past twelve months has been about an hour's massage every alternate week. You are at liberty to use this testimonial in any way you may desire, so long as my name is not mentioned, or you can refer anyone to me, in confidence, as I should be only too glad to induce other sufferers to avail themselves of your valuable discovery, and feel sure they will benefit thereby.—I remain, yours sincerely,

W. H.

THE ONLOOKER.

. . . Since then correspondence has reached us which seems to bear out our most sanguine anticipations of the efficacy of the new remedy. . . .

THE BYSTANDER.

. . . Numerous trials have been carried out with this compound by various physicians, in each case with the most favourable results. The food has evidently a great future before it. . . . This is no quack remedy, for it is being prescribed by doctors all over the country. . . .

COUNTRY LIFE.

. . . This most admirable nerve food . . . it will come as a boon to the thousands of martyrs who suffer from brain-fag, nervousness, hysteria, and insomnia . . . thus an antidote against the microbe of neurasthenia—a dire disease fatal to longevity—is hailed with acclamation. "Antineurasthin" comes under this latter category, as it has a wondrous power of invigorating and rebuilding the nerve cells. . . .

THE SCOTTISH FIELD.

. . . Slowly the conviction is being thrust upon us that more highly concentrated foods are necessary. The spirit that drives a fast motor-car is a finer essence than the corn which sufficed to feed the trotting ponies, and in the same way we must supplement our traditional diet with something that will more rapidly supply energy to nerve and brain. In this direction a definite step has been taken by the production of "Antineurasthin." It is not a drug, but a nerve food, a concentration of the phosphorus and Lecithin which are the chief brain and nerve nourishers in our ordinary diet. For the man "off colour" this is the reasonable specific. The biscuit-like tablets, with the faint vanilla flavour, carry wonderful possibilities of renewed vigour and nervous energy, and the experiment in their use can be made at little cost.

THE GENTLEWOMAN.

. . . What a boon to the thousands of martyrs to distressing nervousness, and to sufferers from brain fag and headache, and to the limp and dejected and hysterical, and imaginative and neuralgic, and to those who cannot sleep because of cerebral excitement! This food nourishes the nerve centres and gets them into a healthy condition, and life is worth living again. The tablets are pleasant to take, their constituents are known and guaranteed harmless to the most delicate constitution. . . .

MADAME.

. . . This preparation, of which the organic constituents are known, can be taken with perfect confidence by all sufferers. It has already cured thousands, and has alleviated much suffering. . . .

M.A.P.

. . . "Throw physic to the dogs," said Shakespeare; and the modern world is beginning to take his advice. Sufferers from nervous disorders have always been prone to resort to stimulating medicines, which, while they certainly impart temporary energy to the patient, leave him, when their effects have worn off, in a weaker and more nervous condition than before. Dr. Hartmann's Brain and Nerve Food, "Antineurasthin" contains just the requisite materials for strengthening and at the same time nourishing the nervous system, and its efficacy in curing various nervous ailments is recognised by a number of medical authorities . . .

HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

. . . It is one of the great blessings of the twentieth century, because it is so invaluable a remedy and preventive for the special ailments of the age. Thousands have borne testimony to its worth . . . the now far-famed "Antineurasthin" which has gone a very long way towards solving a really great problem in food administration; and to the efficacy of which innumerable tributes are forthcoming from all parts of the world.

HEALTH.

. . . Now it has been established by eminent physicians that the nerve centres are more sensitively affected by nutrition than any other organ of the body, and in this connection a very suitable nutriment and substitute for wasted nerve tissue has recently come under our notice. This is Dr. Hartmann's Brain and Nerve Food—"Antineurasthin"—the effects of which are excellent in every way. They are not only rapid, but lasting. . . .

THE ARMY AND NAVY CHRONICLE.

. . . The "Antineurasthin" tablet may be called a lightning rest cure, the nourishing of the nerve cells with the necessary nutritive elements administered in an absolutely pure and concentrative form making the cure in this case possible without the dreaded lying up involved by the rest cure. The efficiency of Dr. Hartmann's eminently sane method of baulking the enemy—that demon which makes us irritable, pessimistic, debilitated, and in the end, if we neglect ourselves, actually insane—has been testified to by famous physicians all over the world. . . . Numerous testimonials from sufferers who have found relief, and have, in fact, been completely cured by these tablets, bear practical witness to their efficacy.

OUR HOME.

. . . The good effects of "Antineurasthin" are almost immediately noticeable. The patient becomes energetic, and experiences new pleasure in life, headache and neuralgic pains disappear, together with irritability, and exertion, both physical and mental, is easily borne. . . . "Antineurasthin" gives invigorating and real lasting power, which is ample guarantee that it contains no stimulant, but that it is a natural food, based on true scientific principles, compounded solely of such organic materials as are contained in the nerve substance. . . .

A Few Private Opinions.

London, W.

. . . After taking the one box I am a different man, as I can eat breakfast now, a thing I have not done for about two years. You can publish this if you like. F. A. T——.

Woking.

. . . Miss B. has derived the greatest benefit from the treatment after only one week's trial. She encloses P.O. for 4s. 6d.

Ealing, W.

. . . I have taken one box, and find them simply splendid. D. A. Y——.

Gosport.

I am pleased to say I have derived much benefit from a week's use of your "Antineurasthin." My occupation being of a sedentary character and having brain work to do, I suffer a good deal from brain exhaustion and loss of sleep. "Antineurasthin" seems to have a certain definite action on the brain, and, without doubt, strengthens it, and anyone suffering from brain disorganisation cannot fail to benefit by its use. W. C. F. S——.

Torquay.

Miss B. is pleased to tell you that the box of "Antineurasthin" has worked wonders, and would you like to send her another box.

London, E.

The sample was good, and I had a 4s. 6d. box after, and with excellent results. . . . E. A——.

London, W.C.

. . . I have the two boxes, my Neuralgia has disappeared, and I can study in comfort again. Miss V. B——.

Barnes, S.W.

. . . Words fail to describe the good the tablets have done me. Not only has my Neuralgia disappeared, but I sleep well and feel full of energy and health. I felt a wreck previous to taking them. . . . Mrs. T. V——.

Teignmouth.

I am glad to be able to tell you that the result of the first box of your "Antineurasthin" has been most satisfactory, and I need hardly tell you that I am delighted. The feelings of depression from which I have suffered have given place to the most buoyant spirits, to which, with a few exceptions, I have long been a stranger. P. E. M——.

Numerous similar letters, including cases that have been pronounced incurable by doctors, can be seen at the Offices of The Antineurasthin Co., Ltd., 49, Botolph House, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

CONVINCING TRIAL SUPPLY FREE.

We offer to every reader of this paper a trial supply of "Antineurasthin" and a valuable treatise dealing with Nervous Disorders and their rational Cure, and hope all our readers will avail themselves of this offer, which will not involve any necessity of making large after purchases. Simply enclose two penny stamps with your application (to cover cost of postage), and we will send the trial outfit by return of post, and not worry you with continued correspondence—as we can afford to abide by the issue of the practical test we offer.

Address your application (enclosing two stamps—cost of postage alone): The Antineurasthin Co., Ltd., 440, Botolph House, Eastcheap, London, E.C. Antineurasthin can be obtained at all Messrs. BOOTS' Branches and of other leading Chemists and Stores.

Australian Office: 99, Eagle Street, Brisbane.

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(ON SPECULATIVE ACCOUNTS ONLY)

£359,010

(The Sign of the N.S.E. is the Size of the £ s. d.)

BY THE

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.

How Clients Make Money—

Last week we published the unsolicited testimonial of a Client who admitted:

1. Satisfaction with Two Years' dealings.
2. A Material Addition to his Income as a result.
3. That he generally followed our Advice with Consistent Success.
4. That his few losses were due to using his own judgment or not acting promptly on our Advice.
5. That he considered our Advice essential to his success.
6. That he had recommended us to his friends, who were equally satisfied.

Anyone may see the Original of this Letter, which we described as not being remarkable from our point of view. By this we meant that we are accustomed to such letters from clients. Why? For the simple reason that our clients make money.

Our Advice has resulted in our paying away the sum at the head of this column. Fill in Coupon at Foot. Get our Advice Free. You need not necessarily act on it. Just watch the result.

—By Our Advices and Recommendations.

Clients Make Money by following our Advices and Recommendations. The inference is that they are good. That is true. The Client soon discovers that. It is our business to give good advice.

Every prospective Client gets our Advices and Recommendations, whether he is disposed to act on them or not. If he deals, that is satisfactory to himself and us. But if he doesn't, he is, as a rule, watching the Stock Markets, and he very soon learns that we are worth following.

Bear in mind that we do not say we are always right, yet for some time we have been consistently successful, and for the last two months phenomenally so, as Clients can testify. Every client has made money who has carefully and completely followed our Advice.

Below are a few amounts given in illustration of what we state:

Initials.	£	s.	d.	Initials.	£	s.	d.
B.A. ...	2155	15	3	H.B. ...	227	8	8
G.H.H.	773	14	0	R.M. ...	244	19	11
J.D. ...	945	3	2	E.M. ...	288	11	9
G.W. ...	234	18	5	F.C. ...	208	1	10
J.B. ...	703	17	3	C.S. ...	761	14	0
R.J.C.	1134	9	8	H.H. ...	860	17	2
J.L. ...	759	18	9	W.A.McM.	605	4	3
B.H. ...	220	8	5	E.M.H.H.	169	1	3
J.W. ...	1066	1	6	F.F. ...	231	3	3
W.P. ...	384	4	4	W.D.C....	257	9	6
H.V. ...	304	1	4	G.S. ...	314	4	2
J.C. ...	497	9	3	A.C. ...	300	18	6
C.G. ...	865	7	6	H.C.R....	186	0	6
G.H. ...	425	15	6	H.W. ...	171	14	9
E.W. ...	195	5	9	J.W.P. ...	231	11	3
C.P. ...	157	16	5	J.P. ...	488	10	11

APPLICATION FOR PARTICULARS.

TO THE SECRETARY,
NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE, Great Winchester St., London, E.C.

Please forward me (as my name is not already on your books) full particulars of your methods and system of money-making, as well as a list of cheques, totalling £359,010, which you have paid clients acting on your advice and recommendations, together with a search form, so that I can verify any single cheque or batch of cheques that I may select.

M.M.

331

NAME .....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title.)

ADDRESS IN FULL .....

.....
(Please write distinctly.)

DATE .....

This and all our advertisements are copyright.

Business is Business

ADVERTISING.

The question of advertising is one that greatly concerns every shopkeeper, and almost every other business man.

I don't say that it is necessary for him to spend large sums on newspaper publicity, although that is often advisable, but he must advertise in one way or another.

Frequently one of the best advertisements a man can have is one that costs him nothing except part of his spare time. By taking an active interest in sport, or in the affairs of his town, he makes himself known to many possible customers.

The same end is often served by joining such societies as the Freemasons or the Buffaloes.

Another economical way of advertising, so far as the shopkeeper is concerned, is by effective window displays.

If your window is dressed in a striking manner, you will undoubtedly arrest the attention of the passer-by, and, even although he may not buy anything at the time, he will remember the existence of your shop when next he needs something in your line.

Again, the sporting element may be introduced to advantage, as, for example, by the exhibition in your window of cups that are to be competed for by local teams.

It is not necessary to spend money in securing an effective window show. Try to hit on something that will appeal especially to the inhabitants of your own town.

Examples of the goods you sell in different stages of their manufacture are also very effective and interesting displays.

If you are a bootmaker, for instance, you may have a display of a hide fresh from the tanner, a similar one marked out for cutting, a boot half-made, and so forth right up to the finished article.

This type of advertisement is more useful than the mechanical toy which is so frequently fixed in the window to attract the attention of the passers-by.

The mechanical toy arrests attention, but it does not direct it towards the goods that are for sale, and to make people remember that you are a hatter, a tailor, a grocer, or whatever you may be, should be your aim and object.

With regard to advertising in newspapers and periodicals, much depends upon the nature of your business.

If you are a small shopkeeper, it will often pay you to insert an interesting advertisement in one of your local newspapers, but it requires a great deal of capital to blossom out as an advertiser whose announcements are to appear in papers that circulate throughout the whole country.

Another point that must be remembered if you contemplate advertising a special commodity is that you must have a large profit upon it.

In patent medicines, for example, the profit is many times greater than the cost of production, and such a profit is necessary, for those who are to use large spaces.

F. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

RUBBER NONSENSE.

Of all the nonsense I ever read, the gravely-stated opinion in a financial newspaper the other day that someone was "rigging" the rubber share market is the most nonsensical.

It is stupid to suggest that the rubber share market requires any "rigging" when the sheer weight of public buying is forcing up prices in a most unprecedented fashion. "Rigging" isn't necessary.

The rubber boom, as I have said before, is a solid boom, and prices will certainly go much better yet, though I don't say the public won't get left in the end. They always do. Besides, they can't help it—it is inevitable.

MY TWO RUBBER TIPS.

I do not apologise for again referring to the two rubber tips I have given in this column—Vallambrosa and United Serdang. I merely explain that as a journalist it is possible to drum things too plainly into the public.

When I gave Vallambrosa they were 38s.—39s.; they are now about 60s.—a rise of over £1 per share.

One of the readers of this column, who missed the Vallambrosa tip, bought United Serdangs, not at 4½, which was the price when I wrote advising them, but at 6 7-8. United Serdangs are now 8½, so that he has made about £2 per share, instead of about £4, which he would have done had he bought when I wrote.

I labour the point somewhat in order to show the necessity of acting promptly if you mean to buy—not to wait for the rise.

WESTLEIGH GOLD MINING CO., LIMITED—G. C. A. (Ilford).—I do not know what has become of the company you name. All I can say is it is not in the "Stock Exchange Year-Book."

"SMALL INVESTOR" (Swindon).—I consider 4½ per cent. a fair rate of interest, and this you could obtain by buying Japanese 4½ per cent. Bonds, first or second series. They are Bearer Bonds, so that you could realise at any time you wished by handing them over to your broker. You can regard them as quite safe. On the other hand, if you wished a higher rate of interest from an investment of a slightly speculative nature, the Industrial Trust which I gave in THE MODERN MAN on April 2nd, would return you 7½ per cent., and any broker would carry out your instructions to buy.

THE AUSTRALIAN OIL CO.—W. S. (Trowbridge).—They do not appear in the "Stock Exchange Year-Book." Without knowing anything definite, I am of opinion there is not a free market in these shares. You should not have bought in such an indefinite state of mind. Give me more particulars, and I will advise you.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

FINANCIAL SUCCESS.

"The LAW of FINANCIAL SUCCESS" tells you how to make money and secure Financial Independence. The low price is **6d.** but a fraction of its real value.

Send 6d. for a copy to-day.

THE FIDUCIARY (72) CO.,
27, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.

The Best and Most Serviceable Present is a

LEECLA NON-MAGNETIC WATCH.

3/6 each, by post 1½d. each extra. Oxidised or nickelled cases. Five years' guarantee with each watch.

LEECLA WATCH Co., Leecla Watch Factory, Ashton-u-Lyne.

One Pound of Your Favourite Tobacco.

We offer this to a limited number of gentlemen willing to devote a little attention to our interests. We desire to extend our business. We do not require a remittance, now or at any time; there is nothing to sell. Send only your name, address, and business.

WOODHOUSE & CO., Tobacconists,
Portobello Street, HULL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand

SAVES A YEAR'S STUDY.

Learned in Twelve Easy Lessons.

Highest Speed in Shortest Time.

Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Handbook.

Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem, London."

FROM MANUFACTURER TO CONSUMER.

THE DUTCH CIGAR CO. have established a distributing depot for Great Britain at 52, Arcade, 85, Lord Street, LIVERPOOL. Why pay intermediate profits when by buying 50 or 100 Dutch Cigars you are your own importer? Burgomeisters 9/- 50, 17/6 100; Elegantes 10/- 50, 19/6 100. Samples of either 5 for 1/- All post free. Postal Orders only. Orders executed in rotation.

GROW A MOUSTACHE.

A nice manly moustache speedily grows at any age by using "Mousta," the only True Moustache Forcer. Success Positively Guaranteed. Boys become men. Acts like magic. Box sent (in plain cover) for 6d. and 1d. for postage.

T. DIXON & Co., 42, Junction Road, London, N. (Send 7d.)

BUY O'Brien

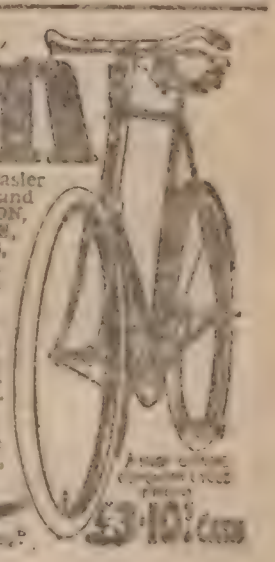
I offer you longer credit and far easier payment terms than anyone else. Brand new latest model SWIFT, REMINGTON, COVENTRY-CHALLENGE, TRIUMPH, ROVER, PREMIER, PROGRESS, CENTAUR, QUADRANT, SINGER, HUMBER and other cycles supplied

AT 5/- MONTHLY.

Immediate delivery. Sent on approval. 12 years' guarantee. Money returned if dissatisfied. Write for free Lists TO-DAY.

EDWARD O'BRIEN, LTD., World's Largest Cycle Dealer (Dept. 102), COVENTRY.

5/- PER MONTH.



£3·10·0 CASH

Tom Burgess, Horseman

OUR NEW SERIES OF STORIES, EACH OF WHICH IS COMPLETE.

By J. F. JAMESON.

VII.

THE WHIP HAND.

I.

Tom Burgess, head groom to Major Blakeney, of Mannerbridge Hall, Leicestershire, was cleaning up the metal parts of the gig-harness in the harness-room.

He was whistling, as he went on with his work, a snatch of a song which had been popular at the Tivoli in his London days.

Robey, Fragson, Lauder!—At one time he had had their repertoire practically by heart, but somehow they were of the town, towny, and merely pleasant memories of other dark days that they had assisted to lighten.

But those days had gone for him now, and with them Messrs. Robey, Fragson, and Lauder, in all but the recollection of the songs they used to sing.

"Who's that swaggering a'ong the street?
Who's that giving all the girls a treat?
Why that's good old
Billy, Billy Brown—of London!"

Burgess added the finishing touches to a snaffle bit.

He could almost hear Mr. Harry Fragson's classic faultlessly swung upper-octaved finale on the grand piano. He could almost see him rubbing his hands as he bowed to the audience. Burgess went on with a snatch of "La Petite Tonkinoise"; then Mr. James Monk, the under-groom and Burgess's right-hand man, entered.

The cinematographic film of London life was thereby shut off, and it was as though an invisible operator had put in Leicestershire with its stables, horses, hunting, and God's own country side.

"Any orders from the Hall, Monk?" asked Burgess, looking up from his work.

"Orders?" said Mr. Monk. "Guv'nor wants Sweet Simplicity this afternoon; young Mr. Dellin is to have Black Beauty, and the chestnut's for Miss D—Mrs. Blakeney, I mean. Danged if I can remember! Never gave *me* no bridesmaid's brooch by way of a memento. Still, I reckon the Major ain't got very much brooch money to spare if what I hear is right about young Dellin lettin' him in for a big lump over a little bit of guaranteein' which all went wrong. Oh, yes, this young Dellin 'll be a useful sort of brother-in-law to the Major, I *don't* think. They *do* say——"

"Look here, Monk," said Burgess, a little warmly, "we get our money regular on Saturdays, and there our connection with the Major's finances ends. Can't think what makes you bother about other people's——"

Mr. Monk held up his hand.

"Tom Burgess, you were goin' to say business, weren't you. Right. I don't mind beggin' your pardon, but all I can say is that you'll never make a family servant, never! It don't seem in your blood. You ought to have been a—a cowboy, all you'd have to trouble about then would have been the ——"

"Health of the cows," Burgess suggested humorously.

"Health of your gran'mother! All I'm goin' to remark on other people's business, as you call it, is this: to-morrow, Saturday, I've got an idea that we'll both of us get paid off."

"Well, we'll wait until to-morrow," said Burgess.

"Anyhow, I heard," Monk persisted.

"That's no evidence," said Burgess. "I'll wait until the Major confirms. As things stand at present I'm his groom. And, by the way, that yellow gig wants washing down."

Mr. Monk tightened his lips a little and surveyed his superior non-commissioned officer for the space of twenty seconds in silence.

"Very well," he said at last; "I'll wash down the gig and polish it up as bright as a new pin."

His voice dropped.

"Damn it, Burgess, man, I'm not foolin'—true as God I'm not! That gig—oh, I swear I'll make it shine, but—but the chestnut won't draw *that* gig any more, unless——"

"Unless what?" asked Burgess, idly.

"Unless the same man buys the two of 'em at the *sale*, Burgess! Yes; I don't care if you heave a horse-collar at me. I know I'm right. At the *sale*, Burgess, boy, at the sale of the household and stablin' effects at present belongin' to Major Blakeney. Oh, it will look helegant on an auctioneer's bill-head, it will; and young Dellin, *'er* brother, who's more'n half the cause of it—well, his name won't appear! Gawd save us from our friends, say I!"

"Amen!" said Burgess, and proceeded with the saddlery.

When dusk fell Burgess put on his coat.

Then he reached the keys from the nail above the harness-room mantelpiece.

He crossed over the red brick speckless floor and turned out the gas that flickered in the wire-cage globe.

The little room was still softly illumined by the glow of the fire embers, red and French grey, low down in the grate, and that ruddiness glinted on the bright nickel and steel.

By the fire place was the oft-mended chair, that creaked when one moved it; near it was the little bent poker. Small things these. Yet when a man has been acquainted with them for some time, they are things that appeal to him.

Burgess cast an eye upon each one, sighed slightly, and, amid a jingling of keys, locked the door.

All the stable doors were secured. There was nothing to do but to fasten the yard gate now.

He had put the key into the big padlock when, a sudden memory of Monk's words crossing his mind, he saw fit to be so wasteful of his time as to open the gate again.

Over the trimly-kept paving of the yard he made his way to the boxes, and unlocked that which had the honour of stabling Sweet Simplicity.

He applied a light to the stable lamp and held it high. There was a stirring of the straw bedding and a joyous whinny. Tom Burgess stroked a soft, hay-smelling nose, above which was the white diamond blaze on the smooth, velvet, chestnut head so aristocratically shaped.

"Hullo, guv'nor!" It was a Cockney-accented voice that broke the stillness.

Burgess held up the lamp. It was not an occasion that called for politeness.

"What the devil do *you* want?" he asked.

"Nothin'—nothin'. Simply saw a light, and walked in the yard, ye know. No offence. No 'orse. Win somethin', didn't she, once?"

"Several times. Good night to you."

Burgess's tone was ominous.

"Worth two hundred quid, perhaps," said the man.

Burgess decided he was a harmless "left-over" from the Leicester Races.

"Nearer three," said he.

"Thanks," said the man. "See you again some mate."

And he disappeared as suddenly as he came.

Burgess locked the door promptly, and made swiftly for the stable gates. Under the brilliant moonlight the little cockney-accented man was scurrying away, swinging his cane and humming.

Monk, on his way home from the village inn, almost collided with Burgess, as he turned, after locking the gates.

"Who's that chap you just passed?" asked Burgess suddenly.

"What? You don't know him?" exclaimed Mr. Monk. "Why that's one of the biggest 'orse dealers in the county o' Leicestershire. Pots of money 'e's made, they say. Buys horses for cash, you know, an' very cheap—at sales, Burgess sales!"

II.

Tom Burgess continued his walk.

It was a fine evening, with the buds of early spring bursting, the air scented and keen—an evening that called for a ramble.

His way led him by the great white-enamelled gates of the Mannerbridge Hall drive. It struck him that a stroll through the woodland pathways would be refreshing.

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, put his shoulders up squarely, and entered the drive by the smaller gateway.

It was a short cut to the woods, and the drive wound round to the open gravelled path in front of Mannerbridge Hall.

The gravel of the drive crunched under his feet, and the lights of the Hall glinted through the tall elms. As he neared them he heard the big oaken door, above which was carved the crest of the family, open. It seemed as though it were flung open, too, and a beam of light from the doorway cut into the dark of the bushes beyond.

It was the Major's voice he heard.

"To-night this is my house," he was saying, "and I have much pleasure in ordering you to leave it. There is a difference between abuse and business. I wish you a very good evening."

There was something of a semitic chuckle. Then gruff tones.

"Major, you see *I* don't forget. You had the effrontery to interfere with me at Simla in the nineties."

"It delights me to remember that it took the form of a horsewhipping. Thank your stars that my blood runs cooler in these days."

The stranger was evidently preparing to depart. He laughed lightly.

"Ah, well, times change, Major. I can thank you for that. You had the whip hand then. But now it's with me. Good night Major. And you also, Mr. Dellin. Good night to you, I say. But, gentlemen, I would not incommode you for worlds." The stranger's voice dropped. "Carry on—my guests after to-morrow."

There was no answer to this but the shutting of the door.

Burgess, who had paused, now walked slowly on and passed the stranger.

Monk's prophecy, then, was to materialise, and it was really to be good-bye to the little harness-room, the horses, including Sweet Simplicity.

Burgess walked blindly on, mechanically following the path, merely taking that direction because it lay before him, and with no definite planned purpose now.

As he crossed the sweeping half-moon space

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nt of the Hall the door opened again softly, d Burgess heard a choking sob, hastily nothered.

The door was closed quietly. A young man, ...s and in evening dress, his shirt-front ...ing up dead white beneath the moon, stole ... as swiftly and as noiselessly as he ...ished. There was something in his hand that ...ened.

Then a voice from the upper windows—the ajor's.

"Dellin, Dellin. Monty. Where the devil *are* u, boy? Burgess—that you?"

Burgess stopped and looked up.

"Yes, sir."

The Major evidently saw from the window mething that the bushes obscured from Burgess.

"Run—run!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Straight the summer-house, and hold Lieutenant Dellin. n, man, run!"

For a moment Burgess wondered whether he s awake or dreaming. The whole thing emed so impossible and incongruous. ...d yet it was hard fact.

A second later Burgess, sprinting across the wn at the back of the shrubbery, saw the door the summer-house closed.

Without hesitation he threw his full weight ainst it. The catch gave, almost flinging him to a small table inside, whereon a man rested s head face downwards upon his arms.

Swiftly Burgess pulled up his shoulders and ocked a gleaming thing away in time.

"Sir," said Burgess, "I have orders to hold u."

Deftly he caught the young man's wrists and ld them—hard.

"You—little fool!" said the Major, entering, ...ntemptuously.

The young man's voice was thick.

"Oh! I've ruined you and my sister," he said, nd made an outsider of myself! What else— at else is there left, Blakeney? I think it's the st way out. I'm done for the Army and——"

He struggled.

"Strain to his wrists, Burgess," said the Major ...ly. "Of course you've done with the ...ard."

"And," the young man continued, "I've given t damned Jew financier the whip hand of a ntleman—the old place to the highest bidder. ...e don't the horses, too. Blakeney, why the ...ld you let a chap end up like a ...?"

The Major picked up the little affair that ...ained, and slipped it into his pocket.

He motioned Burgess to let go Lieut. Delkin's nds.

"That's all right, my boy," he said gently. "I ...e that that out there—in Australia the ...n be picked up again. Burgess, man, I'm ...t you've seen and heard."

"Sir, sir, and, well, I think I understand."

The wind seemed to blow very cold, very bitter.

He felt that here came an end to his happiness ...t be it said to his credit, the thought upper- ...st in his mind was intense sympathy for the ...n who employed him.

He waited respectfully for him to speak.

"When you come to-morrow——" the Major's ...ce was a little broken, and somehow very far ...ay. "... yes, when you come to-morrow, Bur- ... it will be for the last time."

"To Australia, sir?" suggested Burgess, as a ... hoping against hope.

The Major shook his head.

"In Australia a man works for himself, Burgess ...e!" any case, thank God, not altogether ...ie."

He looked towards a light that shone in an ...er window, and Burgess thought he under- ...od.

As he walked away, something splashed warm ...n his hand, and his eyes, he knew, were full. Yet he was not ashamed.

[Another story of this series will appear next week.—EDITOR.]

LEND ME YOUR EARS AND I WILL MAKE THEM HEAR.

A MESSAGE TO THE DEAF.

By Professor HOFFMANN.

The writer of this advertisement was some time ago as deaf as anyone who is likely to read it. After going through all the preliminary stages of roaring in the ears, strange shrilling noises and thrills in the head, hearing wrongly and hearing spasmodically, I became to all intents and purposes STONE DEAF.

And now I CAN HEAR—PERFECTLY. This is how I did it.

I tried the Doctors—British and Continental. I tried massage—baths—diet—electricity—internal washes and lotions. They didn't help. Going through all this, I learned, of my own intelligence, some knowledge of ear troubles, their causes, and the lines usually followed in their treatment. Grown desperate in the fight for one of the most precious of senses, I studied aural trouble in men and animals; I studied the delicate anatomy of the ear; I mastered the laws of sound-carrying and vibration. As a layman—a man of unprejudiced mind—I set myself to find out WHY I was cursed with this dread affliction: I set myself to find the cure.

Now I can say, "I have found it." I can hear. I want, as well, to let my experience be of use to the thousands who still suffer. "None so deaf as those who won't hear"; my message is well worthy the ear of those who are now deaf, but who are determined, if cure there be, not to remain so a moment longer.

My invention to cure deafness, and its applications, are fully described in my book, "Deafness: Its Cause and Cure"; but, seeing it is a simple, common-sense one, it can be briefly explained here.

In a word, it is based on this fact: *Deaf people can hear over the telephone.* A voice that would be raised in vain, were the speaker in the same room with the sufferer, is clearly audible from miles away by the aid of the electric wire and receiver. The Ear-phone is a small, portable, invisible telephone-for-the-ear. It consists of two small, acorn-shaped, soft-feeling pieces of apparatus which fit into the ear—unseen, comfortable, wonderfully efficacious.

Its applications are various. If you are deaf in one ear only, use one ear-phone in the affected ear. The ear without the ear-phone will look precisely the same as that in which it is being used. The ear-phone, being perfectly comfortable, can be worn always——anywhere—and forgotten. By putting the delicate organism of the auditory nerve in tune with the sound vibrations of the air, all strain, friction, and jar is avoided. The ear-phone also serves as a preventive to ear-ache, neuralgia, and other maladies caused by lack of ear protection. It puts a stop to all unpleasant noises and rumblings in the ear and head. Some people can hear words and sounds within a certain limited pitch only, instead of responding to the whole nine octaves which form the usual compass of the human ear. In these cases the ear-phone is especially valuable, as it can be supplied to correct the deficiencies just where help is needed.

Nothing is so pathetic and tragic as the position of people who want to hear but cannot. Many of life's greatest pleasures are denied them—the rare delights of music, the voices of loved ones. The discomforts which defective hearing impose in social intercourse, the obstacle it forms to business progress, the general embarrassment and pain it causes, make of existence a truly burdensome pilgrimage. A partial or spasmodic form is almost worse than the complete deprivation, as one is then included in the circle of conversation and cruel discomfort results. Moreover, the effects upon the mind and nerves are of the worst—an irritable, semi-stupid, and yet timid feeling overtakes the victim of imperfect hearing, and gradually robs him of that alertness and buoyancy which alone make life worth living. Deafness, too, increases with age, and I know of no cure save the ear-phone, which has the power of arresting the decay of the auditory sense and enabling it to be used in the fullest efficiency while life remains.

The ear-phone, as its name implies, performs the same function as the telephone of bringing people that must otherwise remain in point of communication far apart in close touch with each other. In my own case, when people addressed me it was as a shouting from mountain-top to mountain-top; now communication is easy, effortless, and pleasurable. Only those who, like me, have passed through this valley of the shadow can say how pleasurable it is to be once more "in tune with the universe"—in touch with the world. The coming of the ear-phone was to me like a hand stretched out through the night—the helping hand of a friend. Let me stretch this hand out to you. Let me help you to overcome your impediment in the same way as I overcame mine. First of all, no doubt you would like to hear more about my method, and the arguments upon which it is based. Fill in, then, the coupon below without delay—it is the first step to regaining efficient hearing and all that it brings in its train.

M. M.

COUPON.

To PROFESSOR E. HOFFMANN (Dept. 206 H.), 54, Duke Street, W.

Please send me, free and post free, a copy of your illustrated book, "Deafness: Its Cause and Cure."

Name .....

Address .....

The Mess Aunt-Sally

A GLIMPSE OF ARMY LIFE.

The Mess President, whose trials, tasks, and tribulations I am about to describe, must not be compared with the President of the Mess for the Week, more shortly, the President of the Week.

The latter is a temporary official, changed weekly. Assisted by a vice-president, his duties are to take the head of the table, pass the after-dinner wines along, fine or otherwise punish offenders against the Mess Rules, and generally to see that "good order and military discipline" are maintained.

THE TERRITORIAL SYSTEM.

In the Territorials, I believe, the Mess President is also a permanent President of the Week, but not so in the Regulars. There the Mess President has no particular powers at mess; he is elected often very much against his will, for three months at a time, though, if he care to continue in office, none is likely to stand in his way.

The duties are similar to those of a club secretary, but with some important differences. To begin with, the club secretary is pretty well paid, but the Mess President does not get a red cent extra for his labours. Then the club secretary has various committees, sub-committees, and a highly-trained staff to assist him, but the Mess President has generally to do everything himself.

True, there is a Mess Committee consisting of the Mess President and two other officers. Of these latter, however, the first is usually a sinful and fairly senior subaltern, who strongly holds the belief that "it is better to incur a slight reprimand than to perform a disagreeable duty," while the second is a callow youth who cannot be trusted to do anything except make an ass of himself on the least provocation.

UNHAPPY MISTAKES.

He, the last-named, is supposed to write and answer invitations, but the Mess President usually finds it advisable to undertake this duty himself. There is apt to be trouble when the Bishop's wife finds herself addressed as "Darlingest Maude" and is invited to be "under the clock" at a certain time, or when an invitation is sent to the "Rev. Father and *Mrs.* O'Reilly," the Rev. Father being a Roman Catholic priest.

Finally, the club secretary, while liable to be "carpeted," can entrench himself in his office, but the Mess President is always on view, a veritable Aunt Sally for the wits, grumblers, humorists, fussers, faddists, and fools of the mess.

As to his duties, he is first and foremost responsible for the feeding of the mess, and here his trials are many and various.

There is the Sybarite who wants a choice of ten hot dishes for breakfast (a movable feast, mind you), a choice of three fish, five entrées, several joints, hot and cold, and about a dozen sweets for luncheon, and every delicacy that is *out* of season for dinner—and all for four bob a day. And, mark you, let the Mess President try to satisfy his demands and put another threepence a day on to the messings, and the Sybarite will envelope the barracks in a purple cloud of language.

Nowadays, the Mess President also has the simple life and food-faddist to contend with. In addition to the ordinary menu, he is expected to provide slugs on toast, monkey-nut meringues, asses' milk, desiccated cough drops, sterilised mangold-wurzels, and other weird dishes, by which alone the food-faddist can support his simple life.

SATISFACTORY—FOR A TIME.

The Mess President is generally responsible for the liquor, and has to satisfy the economist who wants Clicquot or Pommery at 3s. 6d. a bottle, and here again he is up against the faddist who thirsts for turniptop cup, poppy lemonade, sunflower squash, and other strange compounds.

I knew only one Mess President who fed the mess to everybody's satisfaction. He was a genial, obliging soul, and you had but to ask for whatever you wanted. "Strawberries in March, why not, old man?" "Quails in aspic good for breakfast, you bet they are."

For three months we lived on the best, and for half-a-crown a day. Then his accounts were audited. The first accountant is still wearing straws in his hair, but the second was a strong man, though even he took to drink.

For the next nine months we paid 12s. 6d. a day, and lived mainly on plain roast and boiled.

The Mess President is responsible for the collection of the monthly mess-bills, which have to be settled by the 10th of each month—at least, I think it is the 10th—anyway, I know settling-day used to come round with disgusting celerity.

Now it is rather awkward to have to dun your best pal for his mess bill. It is still more awkward when he gives you a cheque and asks you to hold it over for a few days—"Catsmeat's a moral cert. on Tuesday, young feller-me-lad," and it is most awkward of all when Catsmeat finishes down the course, and your pal's cheque is returned with rude remarks in red ink written all over it.

SOCIAL DIFFERENCES.

The Mess President is to some extent a social arbiter; when a dance is to be given he and his satellites sit in solemn conclave over the invitation list, and separate the social goats from the social sheep.

Here again his task is difficult. Gallivant insists on a card for Mrs. Montmorency, the dashing grass-widow, whose husband is supposed to be somewhere in Peru. You feel tolerably certain that if M. is invited and comes—and there's no hope of her refusing—half the other ladies will walk out with noses in the air.

On the other hand, Gallivant is a major, and will very likely be your colonel one day.

As I remarked at the beginning, the Mess President is unpaid, and if he is not good at accounts he may lose more or less heavily over his job. Do you wonder that many Mess Presidents suffer from what is charitably called nervous breakdown?

CHINSTRAP.

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DR. COOPER, M.A., M.B.

If he had the advantageous career, much of the might be avoided."

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

W. A. M. (Cathcart).—There is no reason why you should not use up your old evening-dress shirts by wearing them with lounge suits. If you do not care for the feel of a starched front with a lounge suit, you can give the laundry orders to leave it unstarched. It will look quite all right.

W. A. L. (Merthyr).—Thank you very much for sending us the cutting referring to a recent article of ours. We are always glad to know when we are referred to by other papers.

A. H. G. (Southend).—If your cure is as effectual as you suppose, you ought to be able to make a small fortune by means of it. The best plan is for you to get hold of some very bad cases and treat them free of charge. If you can effect cures with the certainty you assert, you could then obtain testimonials from those you had benefited, and by advertising, on a small scale at first, you could rapidly build up a large business.

A. E. K. (Peckham).—We cannot help you to obtain what you want unless you allow us to print your full name and address. Our Readers' Sale and Exchange page is, however, open to you on the box number principle.

E. R. JENKINS, Packington Street, Geelong West, Victoria, is willing to correspond with any readers who contemplate going to Australia.

B. T. (Cleethorpes).—To the best of our knowledge Mr. Robert Sievier has no connection with our esteemed contemporary the "Sporting Times."

C. M. (Blackheath), sends us a cutting from a daily newspaper, in which it is reported that a cyclist who volunteered to assist a lady rider up a gentle rise was afterwards sued by her and obliged to pay £14 16s. for damages to her person and bicycle owing to the two machines colliding. The lady in question was quite agreeable to accept his assistance, and it hardly seems that she was playing the game by turning round on him when an accident, which he could not help, occurred. There is a moral in the incident for other cyclists.

G. F. H. (Roehampton).—Many thanks for the facts you give us. You may rest assured that we have the utmost respect for all men who act up to their religious principles.

E. W. (Doncaster).—We are sorry for you, but see little chance of your regaining your possession. It is easy for one to be philosophical on the subject, but you also should try and remember that "in the corrupted currents of this world offence's gilded hand will shove by justice." As the loss does not signify materially you should forget it.

F. G. (Portobello).—Trust your man implicitly from the beginning; but do not, from the beginning, leave him alone with all your cash. Let him prove himself reliable in smaller things first. Suspicion of an employee is often enough to make him reckless and a fool; to say nothing of a criminal.

W. B. T. (Hastings).—In walking any distance over twenty miles, do the first six or seven miles as easily as you like. Your swing—the swing that carries you over the main part of the journey—will come to you without your conscious effort then.

J. E. R. (Hammersmith).—"Rink" by all means. Such a form of exercise can only be of benefit by bringing into play new sets of muscles. Do not throw over your usual athletics.

A. S. (Boscombe).—When you feel you have had enough do not go back into the water even to oblige a pal. A friend of ours was drowned simply because he went back against his better judgment, to swim with a friend who was stronger.

E. W. (Norwich).—Gamekeeping seems likely to afford ample opportunity for young men who are keen on the country. But when you don the velveteens, so to speak, you become, of course, somebody else's servant, and must act accordingly. A splendid book on the life has recently been written by Mr. Owen Jones, a 'Varsity man, who sacrificed much in the way of position for the pleasures of a gamekeeper's life. He never regretted these sacrifices.

A. L. (Battersea).—You can hardly expect to get maps of any county for sixpence, if you want completeness and accuracy. You will more often be led astray than in the right road by consulting them. A cycling map that is not worth mounting on linen or canvas is not worth carrying. At least, such is our experience after much cycling and much study of maps.

W. R. G. (High Wycombe).—Trespassing is so ticklish a subject from the legal point of view that we would rather not advise you. See a lawyer, or await developments. There may be none of the latter after all.

M. E. A. (Romford).—It is always as well to avoid any district, as a holiday ground, that is carefully preserved. You are liable to be confined to roads in your rambles.

F. W. (Reading).—Many cyclists who ride at night carry revolvers, loaded in every chamber too, but the chances of having even to show the weapon in riding about England are not less than a million to one against. Do not carry one is our advice. Far more dangerous things than highwaymen tramps are straying horses and cows, and gates without lamps across semi-private roads, of which there are not a few.

F. R. H. (Merton).—Do not on any account take your facts of natural history from rustic legend. You will go sadly wrong, for though there may lurk the clue to the truth the "facts" are usually misleading and ridiculous.

[*Many replies are unavoidably held over.*]

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One of the most important tasks of the gardener about this time is the sowing of perennials and biennials. If sown late in April or early in May they will be ready to transplant at the end of June.

Neither, of course, will flower this year, and biennials will die off after one year's flowering. For this reason the latter are best avoided by the man whose space is limited.

With perennials, however, it is different. They certainly take up a certain amount of space for the first year without producing any return in the shape of flowers; but, having once come to maturity, they will spring up again every year, flower, and die down again in the autumn, and require very little attention.

If space permits, it is very desirable not to mix up perennials and annuals. The latter will be sure to drop a certain amount of seed, and, as it will be impossible thoroughly to eradicate them from the ground by hoeing, raking, or digging for fear of disturbing the perennials, the latter will be choked when the seeds come up next spring.

If possible, a separate bed, or at least a separate part of a bed should be kept for annuals, which die after a single season's flowering. This can be thoroughly trenched and prepared in the early spring for the reception of new seeds, and each year these will start in ideal circumstances.

The seed-bed should not be manured at all, and the soil should be light and not too rich, but well pressed down.

* * * * * * *

The inexperienced gardener cannot do better than buy several packets of seed from a seedsman with a reputation to uphold, and to follow implicitly the instructions for sowing printed on each packet.

Annuals are usually classed as "hardy," or "half-hardy," or "tender."

The latter should not be sown except indoors, or in a frame until mid-May, but hardy annuals are sown from the end of March onwards.

If, however, the accepted time has passed the seeds may often be slightly forced by being soaked in hot water before planting.

* * * * * * *

Many gardens, especially town gardens, are not much visited by the sun, and their owners are often hard put to it to find plants which will grow well in the shade. A few suggestions, therefore, may be useful.

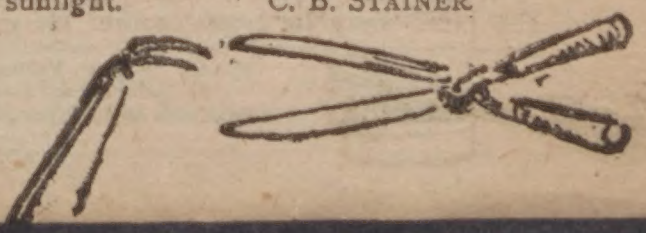
Often it is possible by raising beds, cutting back shrubs, or even whitewashing walls, to improve the light, but this is not always so.

In this case ferns and bulbs will prove most useful, and wallflowers, primroses, polyanthus, arabis, violas, nasturtiums, periwinkle, Rose of Sharon, columbines, and daisies will flower moderately well.

Irises, gladioli, and lilies of the valley are among the most effective bulb-plants that flourish in the shade.

Foxgloves, honesty, Michaelmas daisies, and bluebells also are not very imperative in their demands for sunlight.

C. B. STAINER.



The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

SUNDAY SMARTNESS.

A reader informs me that he has purchased a green knickerbocker suit. He is rather proud about it.

"The knickers are cut after the style of riding breeches," he says, "and the cut of the coat is of the semi-Norfolk type, with a belt at the back only. I am wearing a fancy brown vest with it, and also brown boots and brown stockings. What I want to know is whether I should have a cap of the same material as the suit, or whether I should go in for a round tweed hat of as near a colour as I can match. I may say that I have got this suit to wear when I go to the country on Sundays."

My reader, so far as I can judge from his letter, is making an error too often committed by townsmen who spend only one day a week in the country. He has been studiously careful to make his appearance sporting, but I fear that he will look more like an occasional sportsman than like one accustomed to country life.

He has, in a word, been too exact and careful altogether. One sees many like him on a bank holiday in those country districts which are near the large towns, and one cannot help feeling sorry for men who have taken such pains to be suitably dressed, but who have failed in the greatest essential of sporting outfit—the obtaining of comfort.

SERVICEABLE SPORTING TOGS.

The man accustomed to country life does not get himself up as if he were a stage tourist. He puts on whatever his fancy dictates, provided it is quiet and comfortable.

His choice may run to a Norfolk jacket or to a "sporting coat," if he happens to possess one of these excellent and serviceable novelties, and in hot weather he may even don an old dark blazer.

For his nether limbs he may select an old pair of grey flannel trousers, or he may prefer a pair of riding breeches, with leggings, puttees or stockings. His boots will certainly not be new, but they will be supremely comfortable.

Somewhere about his costume there will be just a point that indicates the tasteful dresser, in spite of what might be called the shabbiness of his togs. It may be that he is wearing a clean linen collar instead of the easier flannel variety so popular in the country; or it may be that his leggings are of the newest cut and polished to the last degree of glossiness. He is dressed carelessly, but there is just something about him that shows taste.

It is very different with the city man to whom even an afternoon in the country is unusual. In his elaborate sporting costume he looks almost as awkward and self-conscious as does the youngster who is wearing his first dress suit for the first time.

It strikes me, however, that I have given my correspondent rather a lecture on the advantage of carelessness in country dress, than an answer to his inquiry. The headgear I should advise him to wear would be anything that may be comfortable and handy. An old, but well-cut and wide-fitting, cap will probably suit him best, but I should not advise him to trouble very much about having it to match his coat, provided always that it is fairly quiet in colour and comfortable.

BOOT LACE TROUBLE.

There are many different ways of fixing boot laces, but probably the one which is most popular is to wrap them round your ankle before tying them, so as to get rid of the ends and loops.

When you do this, however, the metal points of the laces may be troublesome. If you pull the loop so far that the metal end is brought right back to the knot, it may stick out stiffly from the side of your ankle, and it may catch the bottom of your trousers and spoil the set of these immaculate garments.

In fixing the knot, therefore, you should allow about half an inch between the knot and the metal tag. This will allow the metal point to hang down, and will not make it possible for it to catch the trouser-bottom.

Another remedy is, of course, to cut the metal points off altogether, and with boots furnished with hooks these metal points are never really required.

In the case of leather laces no further attention will be necessary, but with those made of mohair it is advisable to have the ends of the cut lace roughly sewn together with a thread, so that they will not unravel.

A SHIRT AND COLLAR TIP.

I have already told you of one accident that happened to me when packing my clothes in a hurry. I recently had a somewhat similar experience, and in solving that difficulty I hit upon a simple little tip that might possibly be useful to you to know.

On this occasion it happened that some shirts that had newly been delivered had neck-bands precisely the same size as the collars I wear, instead of having the neck-bands half a size smaller than the collars. I stupidly packed these shirts up without examining the size. I had given the order correctly, and supposed that the hosier had attended to its being carried out.

It is comparatively easy to fix a collar on a neck-band that is rather too large for it, provided the shirt be of the soft variety, but it is another matter altogether when the shirt is starched hard.

I was dressing in a hurry, and could not at first understand why the stud resolutely declined to come into the second buttonhole of the collar. If I had struggled with it I should probably have soiled both the shirt and the collar with sweaty fingers, or I might even have snapped the stud.

I had fixed the right side of the collar, and had still the left side to fix. What I did was to bend the neck-band of the shirt at the left side of my neck over upon itself just a fraction of an inch. This made the neck-band, as you will understand, slightly smaller in circumference, and I held the fold in that position till I had got the left end of the collar securely studded up. It was now a simple matter to press the fold in the neck-band of the shirt flat again.

It was a simple little wheeze, and it did not in any way damage the front of the shirt. Once having read it, it will doubtless recur to your mind if you happen to find yourself in a similar difficulty.

A NEW SLEEVE ORNAMENTATION.

Those readers who are fond of a little bit of novelty that, though smart, is not obtrusive, may care to hear of a type of sleeve ornamentation which I came across the other day and which was new to me.

It was on the cuffs of a frock overcoat, and it consisted of three buttonholes. At the end of each were sewn three buttons.

The appearance was distinctly novel, the silk worked buttonholes showing to their full length at the side of the button, and looking like tiny pieces of embroidery.

You might, of course, say that such an ornament was fantastic because there was no pretence that the buttons and buttonholes were for actual use, but that objection can hardly be urged, for it is not very often, especially in such garments as frock overcoats, that one finds the sleeve buttons really meant to be undone at all.

BORDERED WITH BLUE.

Another neat little wheeze that I have come across is to have a border of blue round the top of the undervest and round the ends of the sleeves.

Natural wool underclothing is very comfortable, but it lacks smartness. The border of blue, which is made of wool and about half an inch wide, makes a garment look much smarter.

You can get pants with a similar border round the ankles.

I do not think these new vests and pants cost any more than the old sort; at least, the price I paid was very moderate.

NO MORE SHINY CLOTHES.
SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.
By means of this ingenious apparatus all shiny places quickly removed from all articles of clothing. No Chemicals. Post Free, 1s. 8d.
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25/- SPORTING COAT
Invaluable for walking, cycling, shooting, riding, and all outdoor sports.
This coat is fitted with a reversed box-pleat up the back, to allow freedom of shoulder movement. It is fitted with a belt at back with two buttons, so that it can be tightened at the desire of the wearer.
Large patch pockets. Horn or leather buttons.

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All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.
In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to nd money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.
There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor and crossed & Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

— DRESS.

air Riding Breeches, two pairs of Leggings; 12s. 6d. lot; great bargain.—Box 2081, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

ress Suit, two pairs of Trousers; chest 35in., inside leg 32in.; 30s.—Box 2080, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

atest Shades in Poplin Ties, finished like silk; six for 2s. 6d., three for 1s. 5d., post free.—Taylor ("T" Dept.), Angel Street, Baildon, Bradford, Yorks.

anufacturer's Stock of Men's well-made, dark, hard-wearing Tweed and Black Suits, sizes 3, 4, 5, 6, retailed 25s. to 30s.; our price 15s. 9d., money returned willingly; send chest and inside leg measures.—A. W. Adams, Cloth Hall, Pentre, South Wales.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

ealth Culture Course, twenty exercises; P.O. 6d. Physical Culture and Medical Advice; 3d.—Otwell, 3, Hamilton Road, Great Yarmouth.

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MOTORS, CYCLES, AND ACCESSORIES

ent's Cycle, "Wincycle" fittings, Palmer tyres, bought August, £8. What offers?—Fuller particulars from L. Green, 10, Rectory Road, Stoke Newington.

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addle with martingale breastplate, &c.; also 2 driving rugs, 3 collars, 4 bits, and stable kit, to sell, cheap. The whole in splendid condition.—Box 2096, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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o-egg incubator, American hot-air principle, perfect working, equal new; full directions; exchange entertained.—Box 2099, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

ither Banjo, 3 strings, machine head, raised frets, perfect condition; 50s., or offer, cost over over double.—Box 2062, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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eautiful young brindle bitch, 30in., first prize winner, mated to Rufus of Rungmook, £10.—Box 2100, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Wanted, Books or information on reliable Memory Training course.—Box 2084, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

arn £5 per week. Learn to write Advertisements. We teach you until efficient, and help you to find a position. Prospectus free.—Page-Davis Advertising School (Dept. 38), 15, Oxford Street, London, W.

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Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

For Shorthand, see Sloan Duployan advt., page 19.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Earn Money at Home.—Particulars, addressed envelope, Edwards Company, 54, Cornwall Road, Brixton.

Wanted, Smart Man in each district, 5s. to £2, or more a week according to time at disposal. No outlay; enclose stamp for particulars.—Box 2083, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

To Secretaries of Clubs, and others, &c.—Write for particulars of unique agency to Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 20.

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Valuable Instructions for Increasing the Bodily weight; post free, 4d.—Cyril Gordon, Wellesbourne, Oxford Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

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APRIL 23.

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With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

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READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

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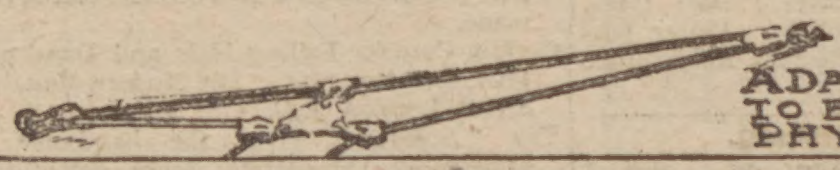

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